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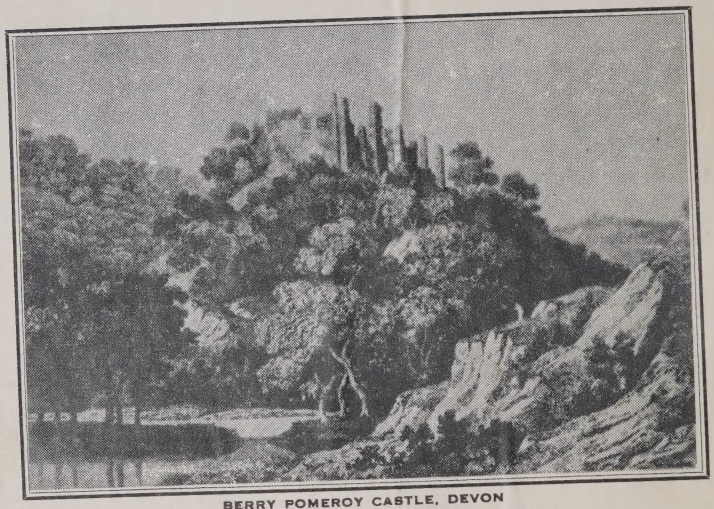
PARODIES ON WALT WHITMAN



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, DEVON

From the Library of Elsie Pomeroy

Autographed for my friend
Elsie Pomeroy
April 5th 1951
Henry S. Saunders

PARODIES ON WALT WHITMAN

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PARODIES ON WALT WHITMAN

COMPILED BY
HENRY S. SAUNDERS

PREFACE BY
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

1923
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NEW YORK

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PREFACE

I have never forgotten sitting at lunch one day beside a book collector who told me of his growing collection of Whitman "items." We began to talk about Walt, and I was increasingly astonished. For though my genial neighbor had picked up from the dealers a glib familiarity with the dates and points of the various editions —a matter which is to me of only secondary interest—it was embarrassingly evident that he was almost wholly ignorant of the writings themselves. When he remarked that he was wondering whether there was not some sort of book about Whitman that had not yet been written and which he himself might attempt, I could not resist saying that if he proposed to write about Whitman it would do no harm to begin by reading him. He was not at all distressed by my gaucherie. "Oh," he said—"I don't mean necessarily a book of criticism. All I want to do is to connect my name with Walt's."

Perhaps it was in the same diabolic spirit that I assented to the publisher's suggestion that I should contribute a little preface to a volume of Whitman parodies. I assented before seeing the manuscript, and my mind rather happily revolved about the interesting idea. For no great poet ever lent himself more irresistibly to parody than Walt; and it would be agreeable (I meditated) to study a full collection of Whitman facsimiles. High class parody (it is a fairly trite remark) is often a valuable form of criticism: it tends to isolate mere eccentricity and mannerism from the genuine seed. In somewhat the same way, it is said that no man knows what he really looks like until he has seen a burlesque of himself done by a clever cartoonist. Fortunately, few of us become important enough

to make it a matter of any consequence whether we do or do not find out what we look like.

Well, when I began looking over Mr. Saunders' notably odd gathering of miscellanies, I was interested to find so few of the numbers showing themselves to be parody in the genuine sense—viz., a playful rendering of inner spirit, not a mere reiteration. Most of the parodists funked their task—an extraordinarily difficult task, it is true—of exhibiting Walt's mind dealing with trivial things in the same spirit that Walt himself dealt with great things. They contented themselves with imitating Walt's manner; they did not strike bravely into the enigma of Walt's mind. And therefore Mr. Saunders has done Whitman good service, for he shows us Walt emerging practically unscathed from the ordeal. If so few genuinely effective parodies have been done, of a man apparently mighty easy to travesty, then he must be even bigger than we had thought? And it is not mere paradox to add that in the matter of parody, a burlesque often misses its mark because it it is not exaggerated enough to become true.

I wonder what Walt himself would have said if he could have seen this collection? Unquestionably he would have been pleased. I can imagine him, in that disordered little room in Mickle Street, gravely turning over the leaves. He would not pause very long, probably, until he reached the Bunner piece. Then he would look up. "That fellow's got me," he would say to Horace Traubel. "He caught me off guard—caught me bending as the English *célèbres* say. He's got a cute mind." Horace would then, being well-trained, reply: "Don't you think, Walt, that being made fun of is a sign of greatness?" "Sure," says Walt. "Mocked, imitated, burlesqued, it's a part of getting your stuff across to the American camerados *en masse*—these parody fellows don't all quite absorb me, however—the tags, inversions, queer words—my stumbling way of thinking—you know Horace, how clearly I *feel* a thing but can't quite, sometimes, get the *éclaircissement* (perhaps it don't matter)—that Miss Helen Cone, though, yes—and Charles Battell Loomis—well, it's good stuff I guess. Horace, you'll have to speak for me when I'm gone, you'll have to tell them

I rather enjoy this sort of thing—they say I don't have any humor—maybe not—but this all helps, assists, fructifies, germinates, speeds me to the certainties that are suitable, effective."

Of course parodying Whitman has become, in the lesser alcoves of the press, a sound meal-ticket. For fifty years or so now any journalist who didn't know just how to earn a desirable Five Dollars has been wise to the great secret, that a plausible take-off of Walt is almost always vendible. And very likely Walt himself would have sympathized with this, for, thrifty old darling, he was well aware of the pleasures of receiving small checks. "Hang on my neck!" (he would have said to the hungry reporter) "By God, you shall not go down!" And he would have told the faithful Mrs. Davis, his Mickle Street housekeeper, to lay another place at the supper table. He could well afford to do so, for we learn from Mrs. Keller's delightful *Walt Whitman on Mickle Street*—a recent book that has not had the attention it deserves—that Mrs. Davis paid practically all the bills during the last years. Walt was saving up for the tomb at Harleigh. One of the most humorous subjects possible for a Walt Whitman parody would be a soliloquy on human woe by the Mickle Street oyster vendor, who sought vainly (if one may believe Mrs. Keller) to get his bill paid. But the quaintnesses of Whitman finance are not a subject for discussion here. Nor are they a subject for merely humorous observation. Walt believed that the world owed him a living, which he proposed to pay for in his own way. He was quite right.

Whitman parody having proved lucrative, it has been much overdone. One of the values of this book, to any competent student, will be to prove the extreme rarity of inspired burlesque. I shall not be invidious to point out the pieces in this collection that seem to me brilliantly done—there are several. Also it is only honest to say that Mr. Saunders might have been a little more drastic in editing. But very likely it was part of his plan to give a fairly complete conspectus of the way Walt has seeped into the general journalistic consciousness.

Of course it is futile to wish—as it is sometimes wished—that Walt had seeped just a little more clearly into his own con-

sciousness. It is vain to regret that it never occurred to him to parody himself. His intense gravity did not permit it. Swinburne, a much lesser poet, but more gifted with a sense of absurdity, did some delightful automimicry. But evidently Walt felt that he had done his duty toward the Spirit of Mirth when he had trained Horace Traubel. I do not speak ungraciously: I can't help feeling sympathy for Traubel when I read how his zealous affectionate spirit was cannily worked by the old man. What a devotion! And if ever Traubel's unselfish spirit was momentarily undermined by the endless tasks given him, Old Walt would refer to "our sacred companionship," embrace him, and craftily suggest (in order to have it denied) some sort of recompense. Walt often alluded to his own caution. Aye, indeed! In that great spirit, whose service to literature is incalculably potent, there were many deliciously earthy components.

So it is a very sincere feeling among some of us who revere Walt as a great poet that an occasional outburst of merriment would be a healthy symptom among the devotees. There is plenty of material for it. Those who have pondered Traubel's *With Walt Whitman in Camden* have always found in it much exquisite unconscious humor. Old Walt keeping Horace on edge by repeatedly promising —"some day, Horace, but not now"—astounding revelations of his past life, has always cheered me.

The upshot comes to this. Walt was a much greater poet and thinker, and perhaps a much more scheming and crafty old planner, than the stereotyped Whitmanians have admitted. The devotees, in the fashion of all acolytes and censer swingers, have been a bit too prostrate. To use my favorite metaphor, they have been both prone and supine simultaneously. It is impossible not to adore Old Walt; but it is also impossible (for me, at any rate) not to find laughter sometimes breaking in. The publication of a volume of Whitman parodies, accordingly, may be taken in one of two ways. It may be taken as the extreme of prostration, in which the worshipper believes his prophet so great that even little jokes made about him suffer a kind of assumption into a body of sacred literature. Or it may be taken, more hopefully, as a tentative rise of

humor in the Whitman cult. What Walt called Leaves of Grass were more frequently haystacks. But they also contained, as haystacks are proverbially supposed to do, needles. Compass needles, sensitively magnetized toward the pole of Truth. Most of the parodies in this book are not commensurate with the thing they mimic. Some of them, for instance Miss McIlwraith's thoughtful analogy between Walt and Omar, are not intended as parodies at all. But they are almost all interesting because (in the word of my collector) they connect their names with Walt. And they suggest continued meditation on the permanent riddle—how it comes about that Walt, who would seem to be the broadest target ever offered to the jester, comes off the field without even a smell of scorching on his garments.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the courtesy of Mrs. Carolyn Wells Houghton, who, while preparing a volume of Whitman Parodies for the press, found that I was doing the same work, and thereupon graciously withdrew, leaving the field to me. Mrs. Houghton has also given me permission to reprint her Whitman parody.

To Professor Emory Holloway I am indebted for some items in this volume as well as for other help; many other friends have also given cheerful and valuable assistance; to all I here record my thanks and appreciation.

To the following authors and publishers I am indebted for permission to include the various parodies mentioned:

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The Glasgow Times for "Ode to America."

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Surely the house of a poet is a poem, and behold a poet in the auctioneer who tells you the whole lot of it—
The bath stone, compass front, open border, fender, shovel, tongs, and poker,
The blue moreen festooned window-curtain, the mahogany dining-table on the floor,
The six ditto hollow seat chairs covered with blue moreen,
Covered with blue moreen and finished with a double row of brass nails and check cases,
The Wilton carpet, sunshade, line and pulleys, the deal sideboard stained,
The teapot, five coffee cups, sugar basin and cover, four saucers and six cups,
Two quart decanters and stoppers, one plain ditto, eleven glasses, one wine and water glass,
A pair of bellows and a brush, a footman, copper tea-kettle and coal-scuttle.
Two pair of plated candlesticks,
A mahogany teaboard, a pet bordered ditto, a large round japanned ditto and two waiters.
The Tragic Muse in a gold frame.

London Examiner.
1857

COUNTER-JUMPS

A POEMETTINA, AFTER WALT WHITMAN

I am the Counter-jumper, weak and effeminate.
I love to loaf and lie about dry-goods.
I loaf and invite the Buyer.
I am the essence of retail. The sum and result of small profit and quick returns.
The Picayune is part of me, and so is the half cent, and the mill only arithmetically appreciable.
The shining, cheap, woven sarsanet is of me, and I am of it.
The white bobinet,
And the moiré antique, thickly webbed and strown with impossible flowers,
And the warm winter gloves lined with fur,
And the delicate summer gloves of silk threads,
And the intermediate ones built of the hide of the Swedish rat,
All these things are of me, and many more also.
For I am the shop, and the counter, and the till,
But particularly the last.
And I explore and rummage the till, and am at home in it.
And I am the shelves on which lie the damaged goods;
The damaged goods themselves I am,
And I ask what's the damage?
I am the crate, and the hamper, and the yard-wand, and the box of silks fresh from France.
And when I came into the world I paid duty,
And I never did my duty,
And never intend to do it,
For I am the creature of weak depravities;
I am the Counter-jumper;
I sound my feeble yelp over the roofs of the World.

Vanity Fair.
March 17, 1860.

YOURN AND MINE, AND ANY-DAY

A YAWP, AFTER WALT WHITMAN

1. With antecedents and consequents,
With our Fathers, Mothers, Aunts, Uncles, and the family at large accumulated by past ages,
With all which would have been nothing if anything were not something which everything is,
With Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Peoria, and New Jersey,
With the Pre-Adamite, the Yarab, the Guebre, the Hottentot, the Esquimaux, the Gorilla, and the Nondescriptian,
With antique pow-wowing,—with laws, jaws, wars, and three-tailed bashaws,
With the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, and Ralph Waldo Carlyle,
With the sale of Long Island Railway stock,—with spiritualists, with the yawper, with the organ-grinder and monkey,
With everybody and everything in general and nothing and nobody in particular, besides other bodies and things too numerous to mention,
Yourn and Mine arrived,—The Arrival arrove, and making this Nonsense:
This Nonsense! sending itself ahead of any sane comprehension this side of Jordon.

2. Oh, but it is not the Nonsense—it is Mine,—it is Yourn,
We touch all "effects," and tally all bread-sticks,
We are the Etceteras and Soforths,—we easily include them, and more;
All obfusticates around us,—there is as much as possible of a muchness;
The entire system of the universe discomboborates around us with a perfect looseness.

3. As for Mine,
Mine has the idea of my own, and what's Mine is my own, and my own is all Mine and believes in it all,
Mine believes meum is true, and rejects nix.

4. Has Mine forgotten to grab any part?
Fork over then whoever and whatever is worth having, till Mine gives a receipt in full.

5. Mine respects Brahma, Vishnu, Mumbo-Jumbo, and the great Panjandrum,
Mine adopts things generally which are claimed by Yourn,
Mine asserts that these should have been my own in all past days,
And that they could not no how have been nobody else's.
And that to-day is neither yesterday nor to-morrow,—and that I-S is is.

6. In the name of Dogberry,—and in Mine and Yourn,—Bosh!
And in the name of Bombastes Furioso,—and in Yourn and Mine,—Gas!

7. Mine knows that Dogberry was an Ass, and Bombastes Furioso a likewise,
And that both curiously conjoint in the present time, in Yourn and Mine,
And that where Mine is, or Yourn is, this present day, there is the centre of all Asininities,
And there is the meaning to us, of all that has ever come of Yourn and Mine, or ever will come.

SAERASMID, Philadelphia.

New York Saturday Press.
1860.

FROM W—T W—TM–N

(AN AMERICAN, ONE OF THE ROUGHS, A KOSMOS)

Nature, continuous Me!
Saltness, and vigorous, never torpi-yeast of Me!
Florid, unceasing, forever expansive;
Not schooled, not dizened, not washed and powdered;
Strait-laced not at all; far otherwise than polite;
Not modest, nor immodest;
Divinely tanned and freckled; gloriously unkempt;
Ultimate yet unceasing; capricious though determined;
Speak as thou listeth, and tell the askers that which they seek to know.
Thy speech to them will be not quite intelligible.
Never mind! utter thy wild commonplaces;
Yawp them loudly, shrilly;
Silence with shrill noise the lisps of the foo-foos.
Answer in precise terms of barbaric vagueness
The question that the Fun editor hath sparked through Atlantic cable
To W—T W—TM–N, the speaker of the pass-word primeval;
The signaller of the signal of democracy;
The seer and hearer of things in general;
The poet translucent; fleshy, disorderly, sensually inclined;
Each tag and part of whom is a miracle.

(Thirteen pages of MS. relating to Mr. W—t W—tm–n are here omitted.)

Rhapsodically state the fact that is and is not;
That is not, being past; that is, being eternal;
If indeed it ever was, which is exactly the point in question.

Every Saturday.
February 29, 1868.

I AM WALT WHITMAN

I am Walt Whitman
You are an idiot.
O intellectual ingurtilations of creeds!
To such I am antiseptic.
I met a man
Where?
In a gutter. We were at once friends.
O homogeneities of contemporaneous antiloxodromachy!
He *would* try to stand on his head. O divinely crapulent hysteron-proteron!
"Our meeting," he said, "is a palingenesis of Paradise; hast thou, O Philadelphian, hast thou eighteen pence?"
I embraced him—I wept, I have it not,
I shrieked—or—

. . . . . .

Whom do I love? Whom do I admire? Not two lounging in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart.
I am not respectable. You are an idiot.
I am Walt Whitman.

Once a Week.
London.
December 12, 1868.

AERIFORM AMERICA [1]

BY W–LT WH—TM–N

To you, gaseous, buoyant, I, cosmical, autochthonous, utter the yawp cacophanous and mathematical.

Come! with your 4,316 yards of unbleached sheeting, and 10,173,600 stitches.

Come! with your 318 feet of circumference, 100 feet of diameter, and 160 feet from crest to keel.

With your 400,000 cubic feet of gas, and lifting power of 11,600 lbs.

Like my Country, you swell, and sway, and have Irishmen numerously at work in you; and at last, when you go up, it shall be as the World's Soul leaving her; your proportion to the Globe being about the proportion of a majority of worldly souls to their bodies.

And the cost?

For the Balloon, complete, say	$ 10,000
Value to science of trip, at least	1,000,000
Balance for Science	$ 990,000

So, thou, America, an experiment in Free Government, art of incalculable value to the Science of Humanity; compared with which the cost of running thee—even including Congressional back pay—is a microscopic trifle.

Expand, then. Keep going up. Thy press supplies the gas, the Treasury Department the sheeting, and Credit Mobilier the lifting power.

Perhaps the strongest objection to the above as a ballad is that it is unsingable, save to Wagner's music. Its sum in simple subtraction would not set itself to practicable melody.

New York Daily Graphic. ORPHEUS C. KERR.
August 2, 1873.

[1] At the time this was printed the *Graphic* was making much of a "balloon hoax," pretending that a balloon was being sent across the Atlantic by the journal. H. S. S.

WALT WHITMAN ON OXFORD

I am Walt Whitman—who are you?
Who art thou, O brother of me, art thou an Englishman, Welshman, Styrian farmer, or Last of the Red Indians? O, indescribable idiosyncracies! O mighty grandeur of ratiocination!
I, Walt Whitman, I, the great I— ineffable I— I have been to Oxford!
O crumbling-ruinous monuments, O velvet-clothed Proctorial espionage, I am an Americano, yet I am of you, I am you, you are me, Oh!
Yea, but the time all-democratic shall come, all will come to an end of this.
O America! Libertad! thou shalt swallow up all. Oxford, thy days are gone, thou shalt cringe to Harvard.
O Democracy! O my world-brother!
I am Walt Whitman! I have been to Oxford. I too am wise, I am learned.
I salute you! Je vous salué. Omnes! Omnes! I am a scholar.

Home of learning! Oxford, mingled up with the past, the Greek, the Roman, the Sanscrit, all these are thine.
But there is America, there is Maine, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Delaware.
Ah, Latitude 41°. Oh, Longitude 74°.
Ye are one! Red-skin and White-skin, Proctor and Bulldogs, Boden-scholar and Vice-Chancellor, Ye are all one! O glory of interjections! Oh!
I am one—I am all! Who is the great poet but I?
I am Walt Whitman. You are a fool.

The Shotover Papers.
Oxford.
May 16, 1874.

Who was it sang of the procreant urge, recounted sextillions of subjects?
Who but myself, the Kosmos, yawping abroad, concerned not at all about either the effect or the answer;
Straddling the Continent, gathering into my hairy bosom the growths, whatever they were, and nothing slighted, nothing forgotten?
Allez! I am the One, the only One, and this is my Chant Democratique.
Where is he that heard not, and she that heard not, and they that heard not, before and during and after?
All is wholesome and clean, and all is the effluent strain, impeccable, sweet, of the clasper of comrades.
If there were anything else, I would sing it;
But there is nothing, no jot or tittle, or least little scraping of subject or matter:
No, there is nothing at all, and all of you know it.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Echo Club.
1876.

CAMERADOS

Everywhere, everywhere, following me;
Taking me by the buttonhole, pulling off my boots, hustling me with the elbows;
Sitting down with me to clams and the chowder-kettle;
Plunging naked at my side into the sleek, irascible surges;
Soothing me with the strain that I neither permit nor prohibit;
Flocking this way and that, reverent, eager, orotund, irrepressible;
Denser than sycamore leaves when the north-winds are scouring Paumanok;
What can I do to restrain them? Nothing, verily nothing.
Everywhere, everywhere, crying aloud for me;
Crying, I hear; and I satisfy them out of my nature;
And he that comes at the end of the feast shall find something over.
Whatever they want I give; though it be something else, they shall have it.
Drunkard, leper, Tammanyite, small-pox and cholera patient, shoddy, and codfish millionaire,
And the beautiful young men, and the beautiful young women, all the same,
Crowding, hundreds of thousands, cosmical multitudes,
Buss me and hang on my hips and lean up to my shoulders,
Everywhere listening to my yawp and glad whenever they hear it;
Everywhere saying, say it, Walt, we believe it:
Everywhere, everywhere.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Echo Club.
1876.

THE WEDDING

1. This is a wedding. All right, then! I'm on it. Three cheers and a tiger!
2. (Marriage is not my game, but you mustn't take notice of that,—I'm here because I'm everywhere.)
3. The parson goes for his glasses. I reckon he judges them misty. (Bully for you, old man, I guess it's a tear that you're wiping!)
4. I am the bride and the bridegroom. I know all about it much better than they do.
5. I fumble with him for the ring, and blush with her while he's finding it.
6. His boots are pinching me awful, and the thought of her back hair o'ercomes me!
7. My heart gives great throbs to his waistcoat, and I feel with her that someone has trodden on my frock and busted the gathers.
8. I am here though you do not see me. I hear the organ rolling, the people susurrating, the feet shuffling, the silk sibillating, the boys laughing, the girls tittering, the old maids telling them they ought to be ashamed of it, the shoeblacks cheering, the corks popping, the comic man making speeches, the bride weeping, the page kissing the housemaid below stairs, the rice rattling on the carriage roof, the groan the bridegroom gives as a slipper better aimed than the rest strikes him on the nose and makes him see a hundred thousand candles.
9. I hear, I see, I feel it all, I am Walt Whitman. I guess I know all about it.

The London.
1878.

SADIE

Sadie!

Woman of vigorous aspirations and remarkable thinness!

I hail you. I, Walt Whitman, son of thunder, child of the ages, I hail you.

I am the boss poet, and I recognize in you an element of bossness that approximates you to me.

Blast your impudence!—I like it.

Your advertising dodges—your bogus sculptures—your painting—your impropriety—your coffin exhibited to all beholders and shown in the newspapers up.

I like these things. I am these things. I, Walt, the son of a gun, I am all and every one of these things.

I am the coffin, and the painting, and the sculptures, and the improprieties—I am all these; I enter into them and become them.

And talking of improprieties, I will back up my old poetry against anything that—

Here Mlle. Bernhardt remarked suddenly:

"Sapristi! une heure du matin—et i' faut encore décoiffer madame—et moi que suis déjà grise—bonté de Dieu!"

Whereupon the guest of the evening rushed wildly from the room. The members of the club remarked that she was very eccentric.

Puck.

October 27, 1880.

(This is the conclusion of a report of a supposed banquet to Bernhardt. H. S. S.)

HIS WARNING TO AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS

I hail you. I rise right up, and hoist my slacks, and hail you.
I am Walt Whitman—the old original Walt. All others are imitations.
If you don't know who I am, you will before I get done with you.
I am the man who hails everything and everybody.
I am modest about it. I wear a red shirt.
Also the engines, and the steam pumps, and the great grain elevators, looming to the sky, ponderous, high-tower'd; the schooners and the patent washers-and-ironers, and the mops.
All these things I take an interest in. I make them a part of myself.
The young fellow loafing at the corner beer-saloon; the tight trousers, the plug hat; the big watch-chain; the quid chewed with *abandon.*
The strolling circus; the smell of sawdust; the howls of the animals; the young woman in, or partly in, a spangled dress; the ticket-taker repelling the deadheads; the swallow-tail'd, sleek, villainous-countenanced ring-master; the old jokes of the clown; the alleged lemonade handed round in buckets.
The laundry; the yellow-skinned Chinese leper, sprinkling clothes with his mouth; the gaping crowd around the door; the soft thud of the flat-iron, wielded by the unconcern'd Celestial; the smell of steaming linen and super-heated Chinaman; also the brick thrown through the window; the smash of glass; the vain attempt of the moon-ey'd person to swear in English; the policeman who does not arrest anybody; the placid satisfaction of the spectators.
All these things suit me right down to the ground; I go in for them, I take them all in.
I mention them incidentally to you, Camerado, by way of showing you the grip I have on the universe, the capacity of my soul.
I like you. I like your impudence. I like your cold, hard gall, your nerve, the cheek of you.

You come cavorting about me as if you were my side-partner, as if you had slept under the same blanket with me, as if you had bitten off the same plug.

You ask me for my autograph, for my sentiments.

This is my autograph. These are my sentiments.

You are a lop-ear'd cross-ey'd, blue-nos'd son of impudence, Americano, indecent, refrigerative of cheek, daisy-like, fresh.

That is my autograph. Those are my sentiments. Take them. Go to blazes with them.

Also the young women painting on keramics, the persons who work red devils on flannel, the stickers of decalcomanie, the other nuisances, crazy, pertinacious.

All these may go to blazes. I want them to. I am on the war-path.

Gore, rushing, carmine, not to be staunch'd.

Gore!

Walt Whitman.

Gaw!

V. Hugo Dusenbury.

Puck.
November 10, 1880.

HOME SWEET HOME WITH VARIATIONS[1]

VI. (As Walt Whitman might have written all around it.)

I

You over there, young man with the guide-book, red-bound, covered flexibly with red linen.

Come here, I want to talk with you; I, Walt, the Manhattanese, citizen of these States, call you.

Yes, and the courier, too, smirking, smug-mouthed, with oil'd hair; a garlicky look about him generally; him, too, I take in, just as I would a coyote or a king, or a toad-stool, or a ham-sandwich, or anything, or anybody else in the world.

Where are you going?

You want to see Paris, to eat truffles, to have a good time; in Vienna, London, Florence, Monaco, to have a good time; you want to see Venice.

Come with me. I will give you a good time; I will give you all the Venice you want, and most of the Paris.

I, Walt, I call to you. I am all on deck! Come and loaf with me! Let me tote you around by your elbow and show you things.

You listen to my ophicleide!

Home!

Home, I celebrate. I elevate my fog-whistle, inspir'd by the thought of home.

Come in!—take a front seat; the jostle of the crowd not minding; there is room enough for all of you.

This is my exhibition—it is the greatest show on earth—there is no charge for admission.

All you have to pay me is to take in my romanza.

[1] From "Poems of H. C. Bunner"; copyright 1884, 1889, by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912 by A. L. Bunner; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

1. The brown-stone house; the father coming home worried from a bad day's business; the wife meets him in the marble-pav'd vestibule; she throws her arms about him; she presses him close to her; she looks him full in the face with affectionate eyes; the frown from his brow disappearing.

   "Darling," she says, "Johnny has fallen down and cut his head; the cook is going away, and the boiler leaks."

2. The mechanic's dark little third-story room, seen in a flash from the Elevated Railway train; the sewing-machine in a corner; the small cook-stove; the whole family eating cabbage around a kerosene lamp; of the clatter and roar and groaning wail of the Elevated train unconscious; of the smell of the cabbage unconscious.

   Me, passant, in the train, of the cabbage not quite so unconscious.

3. The French Flat; the small rooms, all right-angles, unindividual; the narrow halls; the gaudy, cheap decorations everywhere.

   The janitor and the cook exchanging compliments up and down the elevator-shaft; the refusal to send up more coal, the solid splash of the water upon his head, the language he sends up the shaft, the triumphant laughter of the cook, to her kitchen retiring.

4. The widow's small house in the suburbs of the city; the widow's boy coming home from his first day down town; he is flushed with happiness and pride; he is no longer a school-boy, he is earning money; he takes on the airs of a man and talks learnedly of business.

5. The room in the third-class boarding-house; the mean little hard-coal fire, the slovenly Irish servant-girl making it, the ashes on the hearth, the faded furniture, the private provender hid away in the closet, the dreary back-yard out the window; the young girl at the glass, with her mouth full of hairpins, doing up her hair to go downstairs and flirt with the young fellows in the parlour.

6. The kitchen of the old farm-house; the young convict just return'd from prison—it was his first offence, and the judges were lenient to him.

He is taking his first meal out of prison; he has been receiv'd back, kiss'd, encourag'd to start again; his lungs, his nostrils expand with the big breaths of free air; with shame, with wonderment, with a trembling joy, his heart too, expanding.

The old mother busies herself about the table; she has ready for him the dishes he us'd to like; the father sits with his back to them, reading the newspaper, the newspaper shaking and rustling much; the children hang wondering round the prodigal—they have been caution'd: "Do not ask where our Jim has been; only say you are glad to see him."

The elder daughter is there, pale-fac'd, quiet; her young man went back on her four years ago; his folks would not let him marry a convict's sister. She sits by the window, sewing on the children's clothes, the clothes not only patching up; her hunger for children of her own invisibly patching up.

The brother looks up; he catches her eye, he fearful, apologetic; she smiles back at him, not reproachfully smiling, with loving pretence of hope smiling—it is too much for him; he buries his face in the folds of his mother's black gown.

7. The best room of the house, on the Sabbath only open'd; the smell of horse-hair furniture and mahogany varnish; the ornaments on the what-not in the corner; the wax fruit, dusty, sunken, sagged-in, consumptive-looking, under a glass globe; the sealing-wax imitation of coral; the cigar boxes with shells plastered over, the perforated card-board motto.

The kitchen; the housewife sprinkling the clothes for the fine ironing to-morrow—it is the Third-day night, and the plain things are already iron'd, now in cupboards, in drawers stowed away.

The wife waiting for the husband—he is at the tavern, jovial, carousing; she, alone in the kitchen sprinkling clothes—the little red wood clock with peaked top, with pendulum wagging behind a pane of gayly painted glass, strikes twelve.

The sound of the husband's voice on the still night air—he is singing: "We won't go home till morning!"—the wife arising, toward the wood-shed hastily going, stealthily entering, the voice all the time coming nearer, inebriate, chantant.

The wood-shed; the club behind the door of the wood-shed; the wife annexing the club; the husband approaching, always inebriate, chantant.

The husband passing the door of the wood-shed; the club over his head, now with his head in contact; the sudden cessation of the song; the temperance pledge signed the next morning; the benediction of peace over the domestic foyer temporarily resting.

III

I sing the soothing influences of home.
You, young man, thoughtlessly wandering, with courier, with guide-book wandering,
You hearken to the melody of my steam-calliope.
Yawp!

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

Scribner's Magazine.
May, 1881.

THIS IS A POEM

I am the poet of progress.
I sing the athletic life of the great University, the triumphs of the river, the apotheosis of muscle.
I sing the river, sluggish, opaque, sewage-breathing, but boat-carrying,
I sing boating: the attempts of the beginner, the failures in feathering, the deep and jerky stroke, the play of the blades like the sails of the windmill, the frequent crab;
I sing the unsympathetic criticisms of the horny-handed denizens of the towing path, their laughter, profanity, and readiness in repartée;
I sing the toils of training; the troubles of regular exercise, the tired arms, legs, shoulders, neck and breastbone, the bothersome blister, the discomforts in diet, the unsatisfied craving for tobacco;
I sing the pleasures of boating, the joys of the practical oarsman.
I sing the excitement of the race.
The gun, the start, the flying banks, the encouraging shouts from the shore, the confused roar of the tow-path.
The swirl, the rush of the river, the frail ship shooting forward under the efforts of her oarsmen.
The crowd on the bank, the rush, the riot, the rattle, and the rumpus;
The bump, and the glory of the bumpers;
The bump, and the shame of the bumped.

The Cambridge Meteor.
June 14, 1882.

NARCISSUS IN CAMDEN

A CLASSICAL DIALOGUE OF THE YEAR 1882

("In the course of his lecture Mr. —— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met —— ——. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. . . . On the table was a simple cruse of water." . . .)

PAUMANOKIDES. NARCISSUS.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Who may this be?
This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing,
Toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eyeballs uprolling,
As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl, the mallard, in the thundering of the storm,
By the weedy shore of Paumanok my fish-shaped island.
Sit down, young man!
I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity.
I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,
Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucous-throated, monotonous-chanting,
Loves the Elevated Railroad employee of Mannahatta, my city;
I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,
Sit down, *élève*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS.

O clarion, from whose brazen throat
Strange sounds across the seas are blown,
Where England, girt as with a moat,
A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,
What joy, large flower of Western land!
To seek thy democratic door,
With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Right you are!
Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my Comrade!
I do not doubt you are the one I was waiting for, as I loaf'd here enjoying my soul,
Let us two under all and any circumstances stick together from this out!

NARCISSUS.

Seeing that isle of which I spake but late
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy
Beckoned me thence to this ideal State,
Where maiden fields of life Hellenic wait
For one who in clear culture walks apart
(Avoiding all rude clamors of the mart
That mar his calm) to sow the seeds of great
Growths yet to be—the love of sacred Art,
And Beauty, of this breast queen consecrate,
Whose throne mean Science seeks to violate;
The flawless artist's lunacy serene,
His purely passionate and perfect hate
And noble scorn of all things Philistine.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Hold up there, Camerado!
Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, and Art the perpetuator of Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, but you can tell your folks,
Your folks in London, or in Dublin, or in Rome, or where the

Arno flows, or where Seine flows,
Your folks in the picture-galleries, admiring the Raphaels, the Tintorettos, the Rubenses, Vandycks, Correggios, Murillos, Angelicos of the world,
(I know them all, they have effused to me, I have wrung them out, I have abandoned them, I have got beyond them,)—

NARCISSUS (*aside with tenderness*).

Ah, Burne-Jones!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Tell them that I am considerably more than Beauty!
I, representing the bone and muscle and cartilage and adipose tissue and pluck of the Sierras, of California, of the double Carolinas, of the Granite State, and the Narragansett Bay State, and the Wooden Nutmeg State!
I, screaming with the scream of the bald-headed bird, the eagle, in the primitive woods of America my country, in the hundred and sixth year of these States!

Dear son, I have learned the secret of the Universe,
I learned it from my original *bonne*, the white-capped ocean,
I learned it from the Ninth-Month Equinoctial, from the redwood tree, and the Civil War, and the hermit-thrush, and the telephone, and the Corliss engine,
The secret of the Universe is not Beauty, dear son, nor is it Art the perpetuator of Beauty,
The secret of the Universe is to admire one's self.
Camerado, you hear me!

NARCISSUS.

Ah, I too loitering on an eve of June
Where one wan narciss leaned above a pool,
While overhead Queen Dian rose too soon,
And through the Tyrian clematis the cool

Night airs came wandering wearily, I too,
Beholding that pale flower, beheld Life's key at last,
and knew

That love of one's fair self were but indeed
Just worship of pure Beauty; and I gave
One sweet, sad sigh, then bade my fond eyes feed
Upon the mirrored treasure of the wave,
Like that lithe beauteous boy in Tempe's vale,
Whom haples Echo loved—thou know'st the Heliconian tale!

And while heaven's harmony in lake and gold
Changed to a faint nocturne of silvern-gray,
Like rising sea-mists from my spirit rolled
The grievous vapors of this Age of Clay
Beholding Beauty's re-arisen shrine,
And the white glory of this precious loveliness of mine!

PAUMANOKIDES.

I catch on, my Comrade!
—You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done.
Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.
Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Mannahatta, my city,
Formless, reckless,
Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,
Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped, the goat,
Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill, the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and vari-colored circus poster:
Mine, too, for reasons, such arrays;

Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatesse of dilettantes.
Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS (*gracefully waiving the point*).

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,
Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words;

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,
Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,
Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Do not be deceived, dear son;
Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer.
Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,
Dante the *I*-talian was a cute man in his way,
But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!
I, Paumanokides, am the maker of poems, the Answerer.
And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,
To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americanos!

NARCISSUS.

What more is left to say or do?
Our minds have met; our hands must part.
I go to plant in pastures new

The love of Beauty and of Art.
I'll shortly start.
One town is rather small for two
Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES.
So long!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

The Century.
November, 1882.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET

Covent Garden Market
Onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, asparagus French and English (O bon jour, French asparagus, my brother!)
Good vegetables and bad musty vegetables!
Good sellers and bad musty sellers!
I devour the bad musty vegetables.
O bouquets for misses, and for opera girls!
Empty wagons and full wagons, empty baskets and full baskets, empty people and full people!
O Covent Garden Market!
O dirt and smell and slime indescribable! I describe you all, I love you all, I wallow in you all, I too, am a vegetable. I am likewise an animal and an angel.
Cool and sweet is the dewy grass, and the shore of the sea. Cool and sweet is the crowded London street.
I strip myself naked in the grass, on the shore of the sea, in the crowded street. I am free and naked; the policemen run me in,
Them also do I call brothers!

JULIAN STURGIS.

A Mad Parson.
Longman's Magazine.
April, 1884.

IMITATION OF WALT WHITMAN

Who am I?

I have been reading Walt Whitman, and know not whether he be me, or me he;—

Or otherwise!

O blue skies! O rugged mountains! O mighty, rolling Niagara!

O chaos and everlasting bosh!

I am a poet; I swear it! If you do not believe it you are a dolt, a fool, an idiot!

Milton, Shakespere, Dante, Tommy Moore, Pope, never, but Byron, too, perhaps, and last, not least, Me, and the Poet Close.

We send our resonance echoing down the adamantine *cañons* of the future!

We live forever! The worms who criticise us (asses!) laugh, scoff, jeer, and babble—die!

Serve them right.

What is the difference between Judy, the pride of Fleet Street, the glory of Shoe Lane, and Walt Whitman?

Start not! 'Tis no end man of a minstrel show who perpends this query;

'Tis no brain-racking puzzle from an inner page of the *Family Herald;*

No charade, acrostic (double or single), conundrum, riddle, rebus, anagram, or other guess-work.

I answer thus: We both write truths—great, stern, solemn, unquenchable truths—couched in more or less ridiculous language.

I, as a rule use rhyme, he does not; therefore, I am his Superior (which is also a lake in his great and glorious country).

I scorn, with the unutterable scorn of the despiser of pettiness, to take a mean advantage of him.

He writes, he sells, he is read (more or less); why then should I rack my brains and my rhyming dictionary? I will see the public hanged first!

I sing of America, of the United States, of the stars and stripes, of Oshkosh, of Kalamazoo, and of Salt Lake City.

I sing of the railroad cars, of the hotels, of the breakfasts, the lunches, the dinners, and the suppers;

Of the soup, the fish, the entrées, the joints, the game, the puddings and the ice-cream.

I sing all—I eat all—I sing in turn of Dr. Bluffem's Anti-bilious Pills.

No subject is too small, too insignificant, for Nature's poet.

I sing of the cocktail, a new song for every cocktail, hundreds of songs, hundreds of cocktails.

It is a great and glorious land! The Mississippi, the Missouri, and a million other torrents roll their waters to the ocean.

It is a great and glorious land! The Alleghanies, the Catskills, the Rockies (see atlas for other mountain ranges too numerous to mention) pierce the clouds!

And the greatest and most glorious product of this great and glorious land is Walt Whitman!

This must be so, for he says it himself.

There is but one greater than he between the rising and the setting sun.

There is but one before whom he meekly bows his humbled head.

O great and glorious land, teeming producer of all things, creator of Niagara, and inventor of Walt Whitman,

Erase your national advertisements of liver pads and cures for rheumatism from your public monuments, and inscribe thereon in letters of gold the name *Judy*.

Judy.
December 10, 1884.

"SPIRIT" THAT WRECK'D THIS FORM

(WRITTEN IN FRONT OF A GIN-MILL)

"Spirit" that wreck'd this form,
Coloured this pimpled nose so red,
Caused these bulging and blood-shot eyes,
This brick in tile, and rags scarce hiding nakedness,
These maudlin mutterings—all cruel work of thine!
I know thee, 'cursed "spirit"—we have hiccoughed together—
Achieved a high old drunk, and reason didst dethrone!
Wast charged, perchance, and chalked upon the slate?
Or didst the fusil oil jerker demand cash and less previousness?
Thou made this "dead beat"—this played-out, tempted wreck—
beery, impoverished and forgot!
—And thou that brought him here—"spirit" that wreck'd this form,
Cost thirty cents a quart.

Norristown Herald.
(Notes on America.
C. Oscar Gridley. 1884.)

PODS OF PEASE [1]

And I ask, wherefore all this merry-making, this eating and drinking?
And they tell me it is the three hundredth year of the University,
And so it is.

Rejected Tercentenary Songs.
Edinburgh.
1884.

[1] Celebrating the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University.

AFTER WALT WHITMAN

I happify myself.
I am considerable of a man. I am some. You also are some. We are all considerable; all are some.
Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.
No more than some, but no less.
Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation.
Distinctly, some!
O ensemble! O quelque-chose!

Some punkins, perhaps;
But perhaps squash, long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, white turnips, yellow turnips, or any sort of sass; long sass, or short sass.
Or potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes; women, sweet potatoes.

Yes, women!
I expatiate myself in female man.
A reciprocity treaty. Not like a jug's handle.
They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they shake hands with me, and things are mixed; I don't know exactly whether I'm them; or them's me.
Women watch for me; they do. Yes, sir!
They rush upon me; seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled the cosmos before the nuptials of the saurians overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they cry, Where is Walt, our brother? Why does he tarry, leaving us forlorn?
O, mes sœurs!

Of Beauty.
Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.

Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pied Congo niggers.

Of the purity of compost-heaps, the perfume of bone-boiling; of the fragrance of pig-sties, and the ineffable sweetness of general corruption.

Of the honesty and general incorruptibility of political bosses, of aldermen, of common-council men, of postmasters and government contractors, of members of the House of Representatives, and of government officers generally, of executors of wills, of trustees of estates, of referees, and of cashiers of banks who are Sunday-School superintendents.

Of the truth of theatrical advertisements, and advertisements generally, of an actor's speech on his benefit night, of your salutation when you say, "I am happy to see you, sir," of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham's public confidences, of the miracles worked by St. Jacob's Oil, and the long-recorded virtues of Scheidam schnapps.

I glorify schnapps; I celebrate gin.

In beer I revel and welter. I shall liquor.

Ein lager!

I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it; I float upon it; it heaves me up to heaven; it bears me beyond the stars; I tread upon the ether; I spread myself abroad; I stand self-poised in illimitable space. I look down; I see you; I am no better than you. You also shall mount with me.

Zwei lager!

Encore.

O, my soul!

O, your soul! which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same.

O soul in general! Loafe! Proceed through space with rent garments.

O shirt out-issuing, pendent! O tattered, fluttering flag of freedom! Not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal non-

sense; but freedom individual, freedom to do just what you d—— [here Mr. Adams gulped the word] please!

By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicableness!

Of mud.

O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenuses, O centres, circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelopipedons! O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerschaum pipes, briar-wood pipes, clay pipes! O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle, and shovel, and tongs, and fender, and ashes, and dust, and dirt! O everything! O nothing!
O myself! O yourself!
O my eye!

These things are not in Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged Pictorial;
Nor yet in Worcester's. Wait and get the best.
These have come up out of the ages:
Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel:
Out of the muck that you have shoveled away into the compost:
Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease-dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting Hi! and licking the horse on the raw, with the bridle.
That muck has been many philosophers; that offal was once gods and sages.
And I verify that I don't see why a man in gold spectacles and a white cravat, stuck up in a library, stuck up in a pulpit, stuck up in a professor's chair, stuck up in a governor's chair, or in a president's chair, should be of any more account than a possum or a woodchuck.
Libertad, and the divine average!

I tell you the truth. Salut!
I am not to be bluffed off. No, sir!
I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil, am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.
Also instructive in my propensities; given to contemplation; am able to lift anything that is not too heavy.
Listen to me, and I will do you good.
Loafe with me, and I will do you better.
And if any man gets ahead of me, he will find me after him.
Vale!

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
1884.

OUT OF HARNESS AT LAST [1]

I anger, I madden, I hump my amiability,
O! the enormity, the enormous enormity of his badness.
My harness, who hath deftly extracted it?
My sad, unbridled steed.
Slow police, slumbering locust men, I damn thee.
Poor, traceless charger.
Uncollared horse, uncollared thief,
Poor unbitted equine; much bitted singer.
I moan, I sing my own moanness in husky tones.
My carriage is bent with grief, I tire with weariness.
Ten times a villain he who crept and creeping stole the straps.
Yet indigo set, ye fallen stars of peace, less *hub*bub.
Stirrup.

Said to have been written by JOHN PAUL BOCOCK
or ERASTUS BRAINERD.

Philadelphia News
Sept. 21, 1885.

[1] The occasion of this parody was the taking away, by mistake, of the harness of Whitman's horse. It was returned in a few days. H. S. S.

POEM OF THE RIDE

BY DALT WHEELMAN

1. Seated, but erect, I take to the open road,
Sturdy, free, the wheel beneath me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

2. Allons! Whoever you are, come travel with me!
Travelling with me, you find what never tires.
Omnes! en masse, Americanos! Libertad! Respondez!
I am he that walks on the rigid and rolling wheel;
I call to the rolling earth and sea, upheld by the wheel,
Wheel of the wiry quietude! Wheel of the small many spokes!
Slim, trim, glossy, peculiar wheel! Mad, gentle, skeleton, rubber, nickle wheel!
Behold the great rondure, all bright from central to extreme—the cohesion of all, how perfect!
The fine centrifugal spokes of light, the quick, tremulous whirl of the wheels—the two wheels, twain but not twin.

3. I chant the chant of rotation or ride, a ride with a flying flavor;
We have had crawling and perambulating about enough.
I show that wheel is only development.
From this hour, freedom, and a sprightly domination!
From this hour, we ordain ourselves loosed of limits and all horse-car lines,
Going where we list—our own motors, rotal and resolute.

4. Here is realization, the requisite realization of health;
Here is a man rallied, and he fires up what he has in him.
Sublimed upon the zenith of a wheel, I ride the triumphal arch of hygienic hilarity.
I tread the pedal orbits with plunging feet;
I dance and equilibrize on the revoluting stilts;
Trampling strong to the hill-tops, and shooting the rapids down.
My foothold is tenoned and mortised in confidence,

And I know the amplitude of space.
Mine is the wheel of the most high, a sixty-incher.
Earth! you seem to look for something at my feet;
Say, old Stop-not! what do you want?
Far-swooping, whirling Earth, with the trailing satellite,
Smile, for your Bicycler comes! We it is who balance ourselves, orbic and stellar.
We must have a turn together—beat the gong of revolution for our rouse and early start.

5. Long had I walked my cities, my country roads and farms, only half-satisfied.
I heard what was said of the universe, its immensities of space and time, its orbits of stars and planets, its chronological, geological and astronomical cycles;
It is middling well as far as it goes,—But is that all?
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits, my words are words of a questioning, and to indicate rotality and motive-power.
I know perfectly well my own legotism;
One of that centripetal and centrifugal band, full of the power of the wheely beast, I turn and talk like an engine blowing off steam after a journey.

6. I rise elastic through all, sweep with the true levitation,
The whirling of wheeling elemental and primeval within me;
In a higher walk of life, an unearthly walk.
That I ride and speak is spectacle enough for the great authors and schools—me imperturbe, aplomb, orotund, turbulent, emerging superb.
I harbinge, I promulge, I propound haughty and gigantic enigmas.
I step up to say I am a Chaos, a pied marauder on the rampage!
I sound my sarcastic whoop over the bardic habitudes—rhyme and metres to the perfect literats of America.
Do you take it I would astonish?

Does the sunrise astonish? Does the early milkman, rattling over the stones?
Do I astonish more than they? Would you have delicate thunderbolts?

7. I launch forward, I propel the r-ideal man, the American of the future,
For I see that power is funded in a great bicyclism.
What do you suppose will satisfy the Soul except to walk free upon a superior bicycle?
Imbued as they—active, receptive, often silent as they?
They do not seem to me like the old specimens.
They seem to me at last as perfect as the animals—to that the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled.

8. O for the paces of animals! O for the swiftness and balance of fishes and the birds!
O to be self-balanced for contingencies!
I am an ostrich, an albatross, a condor of the Andes,
I am tattooed with antelopes and birds all over,
And have distanced what is behind me for good reasons.
O to cling close to something afar off, something precarious and uproarious!
To push with resistless way, and speed off in the distance,
To speed where there is space enough and air enough at last!
I breathe the air and leave plenty after me.

9. You there, hesitant, limp in the knees, walking humbly, lamenting your sins;
Down-footed doubters, dull and excluded; you are eligible!
What have I to do with lamentation?
How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?
I trip forth replenished with serene power on the bright ring of ride, the ensemble of the orbic frame, the great Biune.
On cycles fit for reception I start bigger and nimbler lads.

This way I am getting the stuff of more elevated republicans;
They are tanned in the face by glowing suns and blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength.

10. Men of the rolly vantage, I salute you!
I see the approach of your numberless clubs—I see you understand
yourselves and me.
Vivas to those who are weaned from walking and go the many-mile-
ing gait!
I beat triumphal drums with my head,
I blow through all my embouchures my loudest and gayest music
to you.
We slip the trammels of space and time, we level poise our glitter-
ing flight;
Inland and by the sea-coast and boundary lines, and we pass all
boundary lines.
Our swift ordinances are on their way over the whole earth.
With wingy gait and all ways so prononcé,
We roam accepted everywhere,
Scouting along exalté as with a fierce magical elixir,
Spurning for good the clods the bricks that clung so long to the
feet of man.

JOSEPH G. DALTON.

LYRA BICYCLICA: Sixty Poets on the Wheel.
E. C. Hodges & Co., Boston.
1885

CHANTING THE ROUND MIRIFIC

1. Chanting the round mirific, out with the two emerging, out for a ride,
Out with the young and older, with the sleek and rolly one, the hygienic horse,
Hollow, two-sided (both the sides needed,) the noiseless obedient one,
In itself narrow, its range so wide, so express;
I culminate, I move abroad.

2. To espouse, warily (once wed-linked to a cranky dame tigerish,) to annex anew and for sure,
My choice for consort was clear at last:
If that which ran in front go behind,
And that which went behind advance to the front,
Not for me the reversal—spinal slope and step-up clean gone!
Nor a very facile low wheel, too like the old the shape for bones and bowels shaking;
Nor the Yankee Xspurt, or any too fast and fickle one.
For me the Safety and comfort, the Xtraordinaire, the levers, the wee walking beams, the links, the much rake.
(Made by Singer & Co.—I one such also,
Scooping many into my company.)
Uphoist on that the mighty auxiliar, the wheely of wheelies,
As Ulysses bestriding the log for a sea-horse,
But more like an elderly bird aquiline (bawl'd headed perhaps,) I fare forward.
With easy grip and measured tread I run steadily, fearless, pressing with perpendicular feet,
Chanting at intervals the songs of the risen sons.

3. I am for all who walk awheel on the whole earth, my camerados,
The weak and slowly wobblers too, but probably more for the high-propt, full-lunged and limber-legged of long trial:

The trained competitors, the scorchers, with the sibilant hum of their raceful wheels;
The forthsteppers to the far-stretching circuits and vistas of the winding and undulating ride,
Before whom latitude narrows, longitude contracts,—
Who stand-sit poised aflight in the saddle, launching there over the world.

4. I mind yet the crowds held of the old drag-on horsecar, or laggard on the trottoirs—to me they are but torpid somnambules creeping, blinking.
O the endless herds of the wheelless, my cities filled with the wheelless!
Them languished with plodding to uplift and advance, renerve, toughen and expedite,
To enthuse them to rotality, self-pulsion, erectitude,—knee breeches,
These many poems I pour, containing the start for each and most;
And to supply myself and adepts with songs fit for these mounts;
Songs soular and corporal, arrogant, pensive, saccharine, satiric,
Health's inlet songs, loud-lauding, bombastic lays, jocular sublimities,
Biggest dictionary not sufficing, and six languages needed—me too polyglot, putting on too much style;
(Any scraps of error, for the linguistic and pluperfect literats carelessly leaving);
High-footed and high-handed, dual, combinate song, assuming all—
Harp of many strings, songs of great poets made perfect. I give and take.
I would finish specimens, as nature does, each crystal particular polished and precise;
I am no Kosmos, but nature will do for me.
Bad form befits not Rota's lines, or men.
I never slop over (hardly ever) or bite off more than I can chew;
I do not my breast thump and bellow like a gorilla bard (not much).

5. Enough: I cease, I pass, contented I repress many things,—
The melange, the froth and float, the débris, the interminable catalogue and inventory, the geographical spread, the tireless splurges (me militant and vaunting), the exposé, the tender and solemn bawdy-talk, withheld for reasons.
Whist! I ride quietly by; menacing, taciturn, absorbing, effusing much, I depart.

JOSEPH G. DALTON.

LYRA BICYCLICA: Sixty Poets on the Wheel.
E. C. Hodges & Co., Boston.
1885.

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF W—LT WH—TMAN

March 1st.

I am a man.

I hoist the slack of my breeches, this fact announcing, upon it vigorously insisting; I know that I am a man, and I mean that everybody else shall know it, too, if I have to converse the roof off.

Get on to my red shirt, to my collarlessness also get on; freeze onto the slouch hat of me.

Starting from fish-shape Paumanok, and going about seven chains and two links westerly, then northerly five hundred and twenty-seven feet to the big tree on John Gooberson's farm, and thence easterly eleven rods to the place where he keeps his cider-jug, you will not find any man who can lay me out on my own style.

I am no dude.

I am all sorts of things.

I am the waiter scooting around in the dime-restaurant, the plates of soup slapping down, the blacken'd check gaily at the customer scaling, the fee pocketing in a lordly way.

I am the same waiter in the back yard, the fee carefully inspecting.

I find that it is bogus; I am exceedingly wroth.

I tear off my apron and rend it into small pieces, the air with a pale azure profanity also rending.

I stamp the coin under foot; I howl beneath the silent stars.

The proprietor comes out and laughs at me.

March 19th.

O divine woman, to you I sing!

You may not call this singing; but it is the nearest I can come to it.

(And when it comes to noise, there is only one man who can run me any way close; and he is dead; his name was Wagner when he had any use for a name.)

You raise merry Cain; no man has ever been able to bank on you; nobody knows you; each one that he does fatuously thinking.
I know you, I, Walt.
You are a teaser.

March 30th.

Of gold, silver and nickel-plated goods I sing, of typewriters, of coin bangles, of marble-top bureaus, of coal, oil and dynamite, of eight-day clocks, of mowers and reapers, of pig-iron, of duplex-elliptic garters, of candy fresh every hour, of postage-stamps, of buckwheat-cakes, of toilet-soap, of patent egg-beaters, of grand and square pianos, of celluloid combs, of boot-heels, of hoop-skirts, of tin muffin rings, of proposals for grading and paving, I also sing.
So does the advertizing agent.
Yawp!

Puck's Annual.
1885.

"BEHOLD! I AM NOT ONE THAT GOES TO LECTURES"

BY W. W.

Behold! I am not one that goes to Lectures or the pow-wow of Professors.

The elementary laws never apologise: neither do I apologise.

I find letters from the Dean dropt on my table—and every one is signed by the Dean's name—

And I leave them where they are; for I know that as long as I stay up

Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

I am one who goes to the river,

I sit in the boat and think of "life" and of "time."

How life is much, but time is more; and the beginning is everything,

But the end is something.

I loll in the Parks, I go to the wicket, I swipe.

I see twenty-two young men from Foster's watching me, and the trousers of the twenty-two young men.

I see the Balliol men *èn masse* watching me. The Hottentot that loves his mother, the untutored Bedowee, the Cave-man that wears only his certificate of baptism, and the Patagonian that hangs his testamur with his scalps.

I see the Don who ploughed me in Rudiments watching me: and the wife of the Don who ploughed me in Rudiments watching me.

I see the rapport of the wicket-keeper and umpire.

I cannot see that I am out.

Oh! you Umpires!

I am not one who greatly cares for experience, soap, bull-dogs, cautions, majorities or a graduated Income-tax,

The certainty of space, punctuation, sexes, institutions, copiousness, degrees, committees, delicatesse, or the fetters of rhyme—

For none of these do I care: but least for the fetters of rhyme.

Myself only I sing. Me Imperturbe! Me Prononcé!
Me progressive and the depth of me progressive,
And the *βάθος*, *Anglicé* bathos
Of me chanting to the Public the song of Simple Enumeration.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The Oxford Magazine.
1885 (?)

All hail the snow!
Crystallatical, gelid, henceward hieing from the Arctic!
Offspring of the zero, dandruff from the head of the north pole.

All hail! and yet, come to think of it, not any hail,
But just snow, hoary, frigiform, tossed from the womb of winter,
Begat of condensation and generally epidemic around January,
Penetrator of boots, and generator of the back-disorganizing snow-shovel.

I greet thee!
So do a great many other people, but particularly I, meum, ego, ourself personified in the concrete.
I greet thee with mouth, arms, hands, feet, chest, pericardium, overshoes and umbrella,
I greet thee as the inciter of the toboggan, the bobsled and the exorbitant livery bill.
And also of the chilblains, catarrh, bronchitis, lecture season and other adversities,
For which and kindred reasons not set forth in this indictment you are especially besought not to hump yourself too much during the season of '85–'86.

Yonkers Gazette.
1885.

Oh, site of Coldbath Fields Prison!
Oh, eight and three-quarter acres of potential Park for the plebs;
I gaze at you; I, Walt, gaze at you through cracks in the black boarding,
Though the helmeted blue-coated Bobby dilates to me on the advantages of moving on.
I marvel at the stupidity of Authorities everywhere.
I stand and inhale a playground, which in a week or two will be turned into a Post Office by Government orders!
Instead of plants growing here, bricks will be planted.
Instead of girlhood, boyhood playing here, cash will be counted, stamps will be affixed (savagely) by the public, and letters weighed when the young women have time, and also inclination, to do so.
I, from the wild Western Continent, wilder myself, weep for this Park soon to be devoured.
I am like a buck-jumper: I buck at it.
I am like the Giant Cowboy: only I am not gigantic, and I am cowed by it.
Oh, Northerly end of Farringdon Street! Oh, Coldbath Fields Square! Oh, dwellers in all the adjacent slums and rookeries, redolent of old clothes' shops, swarthy Italian organ-grinders, and the superannuated herring.
Are you going to see another House of Correction—a Postal one—built where the old one stood?
If so, it is *I* who correct you: I, who am so correct myself!

And you, too, Clerkenwell Gaol!
What are the dodrotted Authorities going to do with *you?*
Eh? Clear you away, and build a Board School there?
But why build anything?
Clerkenwell is mine: I am *à propos* of Clerkenwell:
Clerkenwell is *à propos* of me.

Morally, if not legally, it is mine; morally it is yours as well, you wizened, pallid, blue-nozed, dunderheaded Metropolitan Citizen!

In this jungle of houses, what is wanted is fresh air.

Everyone of you toilers should be given the real "Freedom of the City," by having free spaces bestowed on you.

It is better to learn how to expand the limbs, and play rounders, and leap over the frog, and fly kites,

Than to acquire in a school-room elementary education, consisting of algebra and Assyrian hieroglyphics, spelling, Greek, Italian, and advanced trigonometry.

Allons, then! Esperanza! Also *cui bono!* Go to your Home Secretary, your Postmaster in General, and tell them that no Post Office, or School, shall be built on this spot.

Because I, Walt, hailing hoarsely from Manhattan, have spotted it,

And *Punch,* the lustrous *camerado,* the ineffable dispensator, will spot it too!

Punch.
September 3, 1887.

AMERICA'S GREETING TO WALT

I

All hail, O Poet, Western-souled, sublime,
  Walt, grand and grandiose,
  Whose brimming, brook-like verse,
Spurts and spatters, tinkles and patters,
    Till it swells
    To a roar,
  Multitudinous, Titanic,
As of many mighty waters in a large-sized panic
  Hurtling down the crags of Time.
Yet sweet, withal, as a Niagara of molasses
That overwhelms the petty flies
  Who buzz in rhyme,
The Byron Joneses, Bobbie Burns Wilsons,
And Tennyson Smiths who monopolize
  Our splendid magazines;
That hear thine ocean song, O Walt,
  Yet know not what it means.
Forgive, O Whitman, large and big and huge,
These accidental droppings into rhyme,
Which rightly thou disdainest; for thy soul
  Belches forth in thunderous warblings
  Like the diapason strange
Of the Earth's perpetual friction
  On the circumambient air.

II

  In simple guise, at times
  Your lays flow gently on,
  Like the streams that meander down
  Some back alley, until
They meet and greet the gutter's ample sweep.
  Then again are they like

The calm, pellucid bosom of Itasca,
Which, sallying forth into the busy
Haunts of men,
Rolls on serenely muddy,
Caring not for anybody,
Under the name and title of
Mississippi, Father of Waters.
High is the verse, O Walt!
Not high like an old, old cheese,
Or a venison steak in Boston,
But high as your own beloved Rockies,
Craggy, formless, piercing heaven,
Yet exceedingly festive and suggestive,
As of vast cathedral spires,
In whose deep caverns peal
Forth the many-choired anthem,
The *Miserere* and the prayers
For the dead.
Sun, stars, even the nebulæ and
The Darwinian theory, Mother
Earth, Brother Man, animals,
Flowers, years, thought, Nirvana,
Woman, words and silence—
All do praise thee;
For they are but the echo of thy thoughts.

III

Yes, Walt, it is a fact;
Nay, more, a dead give-away,
That you are a bully old
Highwayman of the Ages.
For you do bid them all
"Stand and deliver" all
That is most precious to them all.
And when you have empouched them,

You do ride away, away—
  Your serapé streaming straight
Behind you, in reckless careless
      Canter,
Whose echoes will resound
Down the animalculæ centuries
      Yet to come.
Your heart is like a lemon, Walt,
A lemon to which the water of
Tears and the sugar of years,
When added, will make
  A drink divine
  To solace the thirst
  Of the wonderful race
  Yet to come, yet to come!

IV

So bawl forth your many-
Chorded ululations! Knock
Out the resonant, brassy
Notes, and prattle along like
A lad at play, while ever and
Anon sweet seraph music
Binds together in many-colored
Fabric the composite harmonies
Of your song!
You know yourself—*γνωθι σεαυτόν*—
Likewise, Savez? and no one else
Knows anything about you, Camerado.
So do I, your loved America,
      Your Femme,
Know, what I *am* I am;
And my deep chasms
And snowy mountains and mellifluous vales

Reflect back the tawny light
Of thy music.
Only I cannot and I do not try
To do full homage unto thee, dear boy,
But simply wait and say:
"You are a fit spawn
Of me and the years gigantic
And by'mbye
Some one more fitted than I,
Poor little Amérique—probably
The whole universe—
Will honor the Cosmos Poet. . . ."
Till then, dear Walt, ta-ta!
Houpla!

The American Magazine.
December, 1887.

A PENSION FOR WALT WHITMAN

A prosaic bill, drawn up in the tiresome form of such measures, was introduced into the U. S. Congress in 1887, to give Walt Whitman a pension. He was hospital nurse in the war, and earned such a recognition.

When the bill reaches the Senate, however, says the *Boston Record*, Senator Blair or some other poet, ought to substitute a bill couched in Whitmanese, somewhat as follows:—

> Be it enacted, solidified, plastered, posted, nailed, tied, hemstitched, and generally made invulnerable,
>
> That Walt Whitman, bard, slinger of pronouns, server of mixed drinks in the form of verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs,
>
> Be granted, allowed, made to swallow, consume, and digest the sum of dollars, ducats, promises to pay hereinafter mentioned, said, sung, and cast up.

Boston Record.
1887.

So again, not to be foundered only, but to create from afar, p'raps what is already brought.

To you, ye irreverent insane grandmother; you, mother-in-law; you, second cousin twice removed!

A word, maybe two, or three, or four, or five, or six, or seven, or 1,345,843,241,500,400, or more.

O! longitudinal, lop-sided, heterohomogeneous galactic chain of sovereign, sweltering states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut. . . . Oregon.

Hi! Towering capitals, great galumptious, big Injun! Augusta of the Kennebec, Concord on the Merrimac, Montpelier on the Onion, Boston on Boston Harbor, Providence on Providence Bay, and Newport on the Narragansett, Hartford on the Connecticut, and New Haven on New Haven Bay, Allquiet on the Potomac, Whitman on Paumanok, Tallahassee inland.—[Note,—The poet's MS is here lost in space. Vide Colton's Intermediate Geography, p. 20. Editor.]

O, by Gosh! Succulent tubercle! Sweetblooded—male and female—bulbulient bulb! polite, poligamous potato! Ow! Murphy, Early Rose, Mercer, Long Red, Peach Blow, Sweet, Unsweet, Yellow, South Carolina, North Carolina, Jersey, Lyonnaise, Ruta Baga, Horace Greeley.

Cause about these varieties, you can't most always sometimes occasionally, frequently, rarely at intervals, generally, unpremeditatively tell.

Bullee!

Sons of the soil arise! Take your mowers! reapers! McCormick, Buckeye, Woods, Kirby, Clipper, Little Giant, et al, out!

Let your joyful, daily, indigenous Sunday School songs mingle, blend with the too-whit, too-whoo of the owl, cat-bird, crow, skeeter!

Long, long, long is this darned thing getting,

Bang, bang, bang, che-bang, che-bang!
Hoop-la!

New York Commercial Advertizer.
March 3, 1888.

THE FIRST DANDELION

On March 12th, 1888, Whitman's poem "The First Dandelion" was printed in the *New York Herald*. It happened that a three-day blizzard of great severity struck New York at the same time; hence the temptation to caricature was unusually strong. On the 14th, in the same column, this parody appeared:

The First Blizzard

Simple and fresh and fierce, from Winter's close
emerging,
As if no artifice of summer, business, politics
had ever been,
Forth from its snowy nook of shivering glaciers—
innocent, silver, pale as the dawn,
The Spring's first blizzard shows its wryful
face.

After Walt Whitman.

Then on the 15th:

Served Him Right

The poet began an ode to Spring—
"Hail, lusty March! Thy airs inspire
My muse of flowers and love to sing—"
And then the blizzard struck the lyre.

The name of the flower Whitman celebrated became in some way interpreted as the "violet." About the same time another New York paper printed this:

No Violets for Him [1]

Roaring, imperial beauty, Julius,[2] icicular, valvular, coruscating,
diamond-sheened, sun-dazzling,
Montana blizzard, Dakota blizzard—blizzard from Buffalo-land;
Julius, weather-prophet, stormy-eyed, accurate. Arctic in sunshine,
tropical among the snows;
Herald-governing, salary-raising Julius!
Lord of the cable, the wire, the thin, clammy type, millions of
spray-like sheets:
No bananas, nor oranges, nor feathery pines, nor odorous pine-
cones;
Nor mint-juleps, fragrant with spices and fruit, cold with hurried,
tumbling ice—
But Hyperborean night, sombre, deadening night;
O Julius, with the weather prophet's eye.

[1] This poem, though published anonymously was written by John Russell Young.

[2] Referring to Julius Chambers, then editor of the *Herald*.

THE POETS AT TEA

(WALT WHITMAN, WHO DIDN'T STAY MORE THAN A MINUTE.)

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will drink
together,
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when
you've done with it.
What butter-colour'd hair you've got. I don't
want to be personal.
All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-
cadaver.
Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formulæ.

BARRY PAIN

The Cambridge Fortnightly.
1888.

THE INNINGS

DEDICATED TO WALT WHITMAN

1.

To take your stand at the wicket in a posture of haughty defiance:
To confront a superior bowler as he confronts you:
To feel the glow of ambition, your own and that of your side:
To be aware of shapes hovering, bending, watching around—white-flannelled shapes—all eager, unable to catch you.

2.

The unusually fine weather,
The splendid silent sun flooding all, bathing all in joyous evaporation.
Far off a gray-brown thrush warbling in hedge or in marsh;
Down there in the blossoming bushes, my brother, what is it that you are saying?

3.

To play more steadily than a pendulum; neither hurrying nor delaying, but marking the right moment to strike.

4.

To slog:

5.

The utter oblivion of all but the individual energy:
The rapid co-operation of hand and eye projected into the ball;
The ball triumphantly flying through air, you too flying.
The perfect feel of a fourer!
The hurrying to and fro between the wickets: the marvellous quickness of all the fields:
The cut, leg hit, forward drive, all admirable in their way;
The pull transcending all pulls, over the boundary ropes, sweeping, orotund, astral:

The superciliousness of standing still in your ground, content, and masterful, conscious of an unquestioned six;
The continuous pavilion-thunder bellowing after each true lightning stroke;
(And yet a mournful note, the low dental murmur of one who blesses not, I fancied I heard through the roar
In a lull of the deafening plaudits;
Could it have been the bowler? or one of the fields?)

6.

Sing on, gray-brown bird, sing on! now I understand you!
Pour forth your rapturous chants from flowering hedge in the marsh,
I follow, I keep time, though rather out of breath.

7.

The high perpendicular puzzling hit: the consequent collision and miss: the faint praise of 'well tried.'
The hidden delight of some and the loud disappointment of others.

8.

But, O bird of the bursting throat, my dusky demon and brother,
Why have you paused in your carol so fierce from the flowering thorn?
Has your music fulfilled the she-bird? (it cannot have lulled her to sleep;)
Or see you a cloud on the face of the day unusually fine?

9.

To have a secret misgiving:
To feel the sharp sudden rattle of the stumps from behind, electric, incredible:
To hear the short convulsive clap, announcing all is over.

10.

The return to the pavilion, sad, and slow at first: gently breaking into a run amid a tumult of applause;

The doffing of the cap (without servility) in becoming acknowledgment;

The joy of what has been and the sorrow for what might have been mingling madly for the moment in cider-cup.

The ultimate alteration of the telegraph.

11.

The game is over; yet for me never over:

For me it remains a memory and meaning wondrous mystical.

Bat-stroke and bird-voice (tally of my soul) 'slog, slog, slog.'

The jubilant cry from the flowering thorn to the flowerless willow, 'smite, smite, smite.'

(Flowerless willow no more—but every run a late-shed perfect bloom.)

The fierce chant of my demon brother issuing forth against the demon bowler, 'hit him, hit him, hit him.'

The thousand melodious cracks, delicious cracks, the responsive echoes of my comrades and the hundred thence-resulting runs, passionately yearned for, never, never again to be forgotten.

Overhead meanwhile the splendid silent sun, blending all, fusing all, bathing all in floods of soft ecstatic perspiration.

R. W. Raper.

Echoes from the Oxford Magazine.
Henry Frowde, London.
1890.

APOSTROPHE TO THE CANADIAN HEN

I sing the lay of the Canadian hen,
Sweet fowl!
Gallus Domesticus!
Honest, painstaking, conscientious, time-defying hen!
Begetter of the Big Egg of every country sanctum!
Denying herself of many comforts that she may raise a family and supply the market with spring chickens at 60c. a pair.
Gifted by nature with that faculty known as hen-sense, which teaches her to scratch for sustenance where it is most likely to be obtained.
Fond mother of her flock!
Noble bird, the Canadian hen!
Never despairing, even when Uncle Sam clapped a tax of 5 cents a dozen on eggs.
Self-denying, steady going, patriotic hen!
Be you Dorkin, Brahma, Plymouth Rock, White Leghorn, Brown Leghorn, Hamburg, Wyandotte, Spanish, Cochin China or Bantam,
It is all the same.
Time cannot wither or custom stale your infinite variety.
The nation gives thee thanks.
For when the clouds of McKinleyism lowered most heavily in our sky you kept right on with your daily duty and never skipped an egg.
Feathered fairy of the breakfast table!
More power to your elbow!
Or more properly speaking, wing,
For thou art all wool, and a yard wide, and once more freedom is thy gift.
Where are we at?
The Wilson bill!
Freedom for thy eggs in the American market!

No more 5c. a dozen levied at the boundary on the products of the Canadian hen.
No more long-range eggs for the British market,
But short-range eggs by the million to sell to Uncle Sam.
No pent-up Utica confines thy powers, the whole boundless continent is yours,
And eggs just now are 25 cents a dozen, without regard to sex, size, age, creed or previous condition of servitude.
Hurrah! for eggs is eggs!
That is to say, those of them that are not spring chickens.
And the whole world wants them—eggs, I mean, not immature chicks.
Boiled, fried, poached, done on one side or both, made up in omelets, scrambled, baked, dropped, or put in egg-nogg and other succulent concoctions.
Dishes fit for goddesses, nectar fit for gods!
Blessed bird!
Pride of the barnyard boss!
Patriotic producer of hen fruit!
Thirteen million dozen eggs for export every year,
All this we owe to thee!
Lay on Macduff, and cursed be he who first cries hold, enough!
Hail to the Canadian hen.
Flap your wings, O hen, and fling your tail feathers to the breeze!
There is no duty on eggs,
Hurrah!
Excelsior! Egg-shell-sir!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

A. F. Pirie.

Dundas Banner.
1893.(?)

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL

I

I sing the wheel, announcing its unique joys.

II

I lead it out; grasping the handles and touching the step I vault lightly into the saddle; the pedals right and left my feet apprehend; I am a-mount;
First a slow, sliding, gliding motion; no haste (I enjoy too much for haste the resumption of locomotion)
Over the rough wooden blocks I turn seeking a passage, like a steamer piloted.
I hug the kerb closely; brainless kids have strewn the deadly broken glass there; may they avoid the other deadly glass!
Ah, the gliding motion, the smooth-rolling, swift-revolving front wheel; my handle bars, nickel-plated, glancing in the sun;
My pedals yield lovingly to the caress of my toes;
Speed, speed, thou cycle or wheel; thy name is sweet;
I speed easily to and fro.

III

My heart rose to my gullet; I stood on my pedals; I stopped suddenly; my heart rebounded and descended.
The headlong driver of a milk-wagon had turned full quick and imminent
Into my path and also the path of my wheel, my new pneumatic.

IV

Strike, strike, my tire, the steam-rolled Trinidad pavement,
Smoother than glassy sea or the unctuous flow of the Muses,
Melodies, harmonies, minstrelsies and the rhythm of the mazy ballet,
The glorious beat of the drum as full and hard-hit it is beaten,
The solemn, electric chant of the Queen's Own bugles advancing;

These, or what's sweeter, laudanum to toothache or death to the drowning,
Are synonyms slow and subdued
To speak the thrill, iris-hued,
Of the rhythmic and perfect beat of the pedals, accurately revolving
The nineteenth century method, the acme of human locomotion.

V

Now I understand why millions of athletic brothers (the new brotherhood of the Wheel), clerks, artisans, professional men (even preachers) ride awheel;
Now I understand why hundreds of athletic, strong-limbed Eve's daughters also ride;
They, too, feel the swing, the roll, the delightful and healthful motion of it;
(I swear a generation of wheeling women would remodel our race).
Now I understand many things I did not understand before; the bicycle nudges me and informs me as I pass the stores, cars, wagons, crossings, trolleys, etc.;
Now I understand all ecstatic praise of the Wheel,
Though I could not understand it before.

VI

Shall I describe them—the tingling dangers, the sickening side-slipping, the coming down on all-fours (or more) of one's members?—the risk jubilantly escaped?
Shall I reveal the panorama of a "scorch"? (Better not).
Shall I (or who could) intimate to invalids not riding wheels (all who ride are not such, I swear it is so) the exquisite thrill of a confluence of conveyances, trolleys, etc., on a wet asphalt, and do or die? (Better not).

Here am I at the office, awake and light-hearted (perhaps a trifle travel-stained)
My comrades will soon arrive; the trolley transports them
Transported am I by my airy wheel (take it in both senses and smile not).

Some day I'll leave car-tracks and asphalt; my resilient and bounding Mazeppa
Shall bear me to dewy-bordered roads and out of a thicket;
A morning bird shall interpret the beautiful new song of the Wheel.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto Saturday Night.
August 1894.

ONCE I WENT

Once I went to Long Island City, prepared to take the train for Jamaica, Babylon, Islip, Oakdale, Bayport, Patchogue, Moriches, and the Hamptons.

I had with me all things which could combine to conduce to my comfort. These are the things I never forget.

Soon I sought out the parlor-car porter—ebon-visaged, gold-capped:

"O official of the Long Island Railroad, O man, O black brother, the best seat for me, and there, take my bag, umbrella, hot-water tin, overcoat, and goloshes."

That one flew, flat-footed. I followed. The crowds observed me.

I entered the car, and selected someone else's place by the window.

Assured of my comfort, shortly the train started.

Oh, Hunter's Point! Oh, flat and uninteresting landscape! Oh, Newtown Creek! Oh, hell! oh, smell! who can describe you, nose-absorbing, resistless?

I might have slept, but the newsboy, vociferous, importunate, entered:

"Here you are! All the latest magazines—*Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, Lippincott's, Frank Leslie, The Cosmopolitan, The Ladies' Home Journal, Puck, Judge* and *Life, Town Topics*—just out."

I hated that newsboy ardently. The dust blew in my face, a cinder got in my eye, the window shut on my thumb, the train stopped at other stations than mine.

But now I know it was all for the best, for had I not these discomforts endured, I should not have written this song, and what would you have done then?

A. D. and C. D.

Poems.
Caroline and Alice Duer.
George H. Richmond & Co., New York.
1896.

PRESTO FURIOSO

AFTER WALT WHITMAN

Spontaneous Us!
O my Camerados! I have no delicatesse as a diplomat, but I go blind on Libertad!
Give me the flap-flap of the soaring Eagle's pinions!
Give me the tail of the British lion tied in a knot inextricable, not to be solved anyhow!
Give me a standing army (I say "give me," because just at present we want one badly, armies being often useful in time of war).

I see our superb fleet (I take it that we are to have a superb fleet built almost immediately);
I observe the crews prospectively; they are constituted of various nationalities, not necessarily American;
I see them sling the slug and chew the plug;
I hear the drum begin to hum;

Both the above rhymes are purely accidental, and contrary to my principles.
We shall wipe the floor of the mill-pond with the scalps of able-bodied British tars!
I see Professor Edison about to arrange for us a torpedo-hose on wheels, likewise an infernal electro-semaphore;
I see Henry Irving dead-sick and declining to play Corporal Brewster;
Cornell, I yell! I yell Cornell!

I note the Manhattan boss leaving his dry-goods store and investing in a small Gatling-gun and a ten-cent banner;
I further note the Identity evolved out of forty-four spacious and thoughtful States;

I note Canada as shortly to be merged in that Identity; similarly
Van Dieman's Land, Gibraltar, and Stratford-on-Avon;
Briefly, I see Creation whipped!

O ye Colonels! I am with you (I too am a Colonel and on the
pension-list);
I drink to the lot of you; to Colonels Cleveland, Hitt, Vanderbilt,
Chauncey M. Depew, O'Donovan Rossa, and the late Colonel
Monroe;
I drink an egg-flip, a morning-caress, an eye-opener, a maiden-
bosom, a vermuth-cocktail, three sherry-cobblers, and a gin-
sling!
Good old Eagle!

OWEN SEAMAN.

The Battle of the Bays.
John Lane, London.
1896.

A SONG OF ADVERTISEMENTS

(*After* WHITMAN)

Give me Hornihand's Pure Mustard;
Give me Apple's Soap, with the negress laving the cherub;
Give me Bentley's Brimstone Tablets, and Ploughman's Pills—
those of the little liver.
(O get me ads., you agent with the frock coat and the fountain pen,
You with large commissions
And the further discount on cash,
Get me ads., *camerado!*
Full pages preferred, though little ones not scorning,
For I scorn nothing, my brother.)
Give me the Alphabetical Snuff;
Give me Electric Batteries and False Teeth; also the Tooth Powders;
Give me all the Soft Soaps and the Soothing Syrups;
Give me all the Cocoas and Cough Lozenges and Corsets;
Give me Infant's Food—yea, the diet of babes and sucklings;
Give me the Nibs and the Beef Essences, and do not forget the Typewriters.
(Forget nothing, *camerado,* for I, the poet, never forget anything.)
Give me of the Fat of your agency, and of the Anti-Fat thereof!
And I will build you magazines, high-class and well illustrated;
Or pictureless *à volonté,* the latter with heavier articles.
Also newspapers, daily and weekly, with posters flamboyant,
That shall move the state and its pillars,
That shall preach the loftiest morals, elevating the masses,
By the strength of the advertisements,
By the mighty strength of advertisements!

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Without Prejudice.
The Century Co. New York.
1896.

EGOTISM

I find that I am a more important person than I thought.

I make the President, and the Governor, and the Judge on the bench, and the street-cleaning commissioner.

If the President wishes to declare war, or to make peace, or to keep or not to keep the Philippine Islands, he waits to hear what I have to say.

I am the President, and the Governor, and the Judge on the bench, and the street-cleaning commissioner.

I find that when Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga, "in the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress," and that when "Mad Anthony" stormed the breastworks at Stony Point, and that when Cornwallis gave his sword to the great George, and that when Lee surrendered to Grant, I was there.

I was right in it.

I did it.

I find that I commanded the ships, and sighted the guns, and fired the shells, and stoked the boilers, and managed the engines, at Manilla; and at Santiago the same.

It was I who charged up the hill at San Juan, and set the flag a-waving over Ponce.

I am the man that sunk the *Merrimac*.

I am indispensable and irrepressible.

Nothing can be done in these States and Territories and outlying islands without me.

The millionaire can't get his stuff together in such large piles unless I help him.

He can't build a house, or run a railroad, or open a mine, or start the oil well spouting, or make electric wires talk and work, or wool into clothes, or ideas into bank notes, unless I say so.

The missionary can't go unless I send him.

The legislator can't legislate, and the magistrate can't enforce the law without my consent.

Not even the Boss can boss things unless I let him.

I'm wonderful.
You can't buy anything unless I sell.
You can't sell anything unless I buy.
You can't teach anything unless I learn.
You can't learn anything unless I teach.
I'm something surprising.
The Greeks and the Romans, and Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh and Xerxes never say anything like me.
I'm English, Irish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; German, Dutch, Russian, Polish, and Scandinavian; Italian, Greek, and Turk; Chinese, Japanese, and Hawaiian; Australian and Canuck; Afro-American and just plain nigger; cowboy, Indian, Mexicano and a lot more.
I'm simple and I'm complex.
I may not always be right, but I always come out right in the end; and I'm pretty certain to get what I want.
I always want something, and generally know exactly what it is.
You never heard of me?
Well, you have.
And you'll hear more of me for a long time to come, for I'm here to stay.
Who am I?
Whoop!
I'm a horny-handed, kid-gloved, knickerbockered, silk-stockinged, swarthy-cheeked, eye-glassed, literary, yellow-journal-reading, church-going, whiskey-drinking, law-abiding, negro-lynching, philanthropic, money-grabbing, sentimental, hard-headed, brave, cowardly, independent, boss-ridden, wise, frivolous, hard-working, fun-loving, steady, silly, white-faced, black-faced; copper-colored, well-dressed, unwashed, gentlemanly, rowdyish, all around

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

New York Sun.
1898.

AN ODE TO OLD CHRONICS

The door of the editorial office opened and a very thin man with a very bright and cheerful face entered.

He laid a manuscript upon the table, saying: "I have just been reading Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. They have made me happy, because I have wanted for years to write a poem and the rhymes and meters have tangled me. But I see now that rhyme and meter are the fifth and sixth wheels to a waggon. I have therefore thrown them away and cut loose. Here is my poem:"

I sing a song to the old "Chronics," for I am an old "Chronic" myself.

For sixty years I have had the dyspepsia and have had it bad!

I cannot eat pâté-de-foie-gras. I cannot eat Welsh rarebit at ten o'clock at night. I cannot eat plum puddings and mince pies and boiled cabbage at all.

And what is worse I cannot even eat beefsteak and potatoes, brown bread and oat meal, without having cramps and swelling up like a balloon.

I cannot sleep well at night, but have to get up and walk around the house even when it is cold and the furnace fire is banked up and the draughts turned off.

Oh, I know what it is, the whole of it, from top to bottom, up and down, and all the way around. But what of it? It can't be helped, and what is the mortal use of going around like a "kill-joy"?

Come now, old "Chronics," wherever you are, in America, in England, in France, in Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Africa, Turkey, India, China, Russia, Japan and islands of the sea, cheer up!

Come now, I throw out my big bass voice to you!

I speak to you without regard to age or sex, for all are alike to me, old folks and children, men and women. I care not whether

you are black or white or red or yellow or green or blue (the bluer the better for my purpose).

I care not what ails you!

Maybe you are a poor old rheumatic with stiff joints and muscles all drawn up into sailor's knots. Maybe you have got the gout, and not from any fault of your own, but from some roystering old ancestor who thought more of his palate than of his posterity.

Maybe it is the consumption and you are slowly coughing up all your bright red blood and going down to the grave in racking pain while all your young friends—your childhood companions —are sweeping onward in all the ecstasy of life to seize its prizes.

Are you lame, dumb, paralytic, neuralgic, knock-kneed, bow-legged, freckled, near-sighted—do you have to carry a big ear trumpet or hire a boy or a little dog to lead you?

Are you hump-backed, have you rickets, erysipelas, or are you stupid and dull and unlucky?

Which one of all earth's thousand ills that seize upon men and hang to them and won't let go until the grave loosens their grip —which one, I say, holds you?

No matter.

Be brave. Be cheerful. Look up. Go forward!

Grin and bear it! Don't kick!

Show the strong how the weak can bear their burdens! Make cowards and whiners ashamed of themselves when they see *you!* Show all classes and conditions that the old "Chronics" may die, but will never surrender!

Remember that the great Camerado waits on the shore on the further side of the river of death—He the Sufferer—and looks for the men who have come up out of great tribulations.

When he had finished, the burly old editor tapped his forehead and winked at his assistant. But when the "copy" was placed in *his* hands, the old printer smiled and said softly to himself in a

harsh asthmatic voice (speaking with great difficulty): "Whoever he is, 'he has been there!'" And he braced up and set type with new courage.

CHARLES F. GOSS.

The Conservator.
January 1899.

WAR IS SUCCEEDED BY WAR

War is succeeded by war,
And the hullabaloo of the captains is followed by
The frantic shrieks of the candidates
Until deep in my heart I feel sorry as blazes
For everybody with ears on their heads.
Few things are more deadly than political speeches,
And umpah-umpah bands and the shouts of the hireling mobs.
If so, I haven't seen them.
From these there is no escape.
You may dodge bullets
And shells and torpedoes,
But you can't shut out the sounds of a campaign
E'en with two bales of cotton to the ear.

—After Walt Whitman.

New York Telegram.
1899.

HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE

Here is the poem of me the entertainer of children!
See! a cat is passing through my poem;
See, it plays the fiddle, rapturously;
It plays sonatas, fugues, rigadoons, gavottes, gigues, minuets, romances, impromptus—it plays the tune that led to the defunction of the aged cow;
But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them pyrotechnically, as befits the night-time.
See the moon shining in the pellucid sky;
See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains of the Stradivarius, throws off her habitual languor, and leaps over the moon.
O me! O pulse of my life! O amazement of things!
Why so active, thou cow?
Why so passive, thou moon?
See the dog
He grins and runs through the city, seeing humour in his surroundings.
Have all dogs so keen a sense of humour?
See the dish, maliciously meditative.
See! it takes advantage of the general confusion, and absconds with the silver spoon.

M. T. P.

The Clarion.
London.
1899 (?)

ODE TO AMERICA

AFTER WALT WHITMAN

First, O song, for a prelude
Loudly strike on the stretched tympanum pride and joy in your action,
How by a consistent policy
(O superb, O McKinley, your own, your peerless!)
You prevented Spain from pacifying Cuba,
By giving every kind of assistance,
Every possible sort of support—
To the insurgents.

Glasgow Evening Times.
1899.

JACK AND JILL

(AS WALT WHITMAN MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT)

I celebrate the personality of Jack!
I love his dirty hands, his tangled hair, his locomotion blundering.
Each wart upon his hands I sing,
Pæans I chant to his hulking shoulder blades.
Also Jill!
Her I celebrate.
I, Walt, of unbridled thought and tongue,
Whoop her up!
What's the matter with Jill?
Oh, she's all right!
Who's all right?
Jill.
Her golden hair, her sun-struck face, her hard and reddened hands;
So, too, her feet, hefty, shambling.
I see them in the evening, when the sun empurples the horizon, and through the darkening forest aisles are heard the sounds of myriad creatures of the night.
I see them climb the steep ascent in quest of water for their mother.
Oh, speaking of her, I could celebrate the old lady if I had time.
She is simply immense!

But Jack and Jill are walking up the hill.
(I didn't mean that rhyme.)
I must watch them.
I love to watch their walk,
And wonder as I watch;
He, stoop-shouldered, clumsy, hide-bound,
Yet lusty,
Bearing his share of the 1-lb bucket as though it were a paper-weight.
She, erect, standing, her head uplifting,
Holding, but bearing not the bucket.

They have reached the spring.
They have filled the bucket.
Have you heard the "Old Oaken Bucket"?
I will sing it:—

Of what countless patches is the bed-quilt of life composed!
Here is a piece of lace. A babe is born.
The father is happy, the mother is happy.
Next black crêpe. A beldame "shuffles off this mortal coil."
Now brocaded satin with orange blossoms,
Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," an old shoe missile,
A broken carriage window, the bride in the Bellevue sleeping.
Here's a large piece of black cloth!
"Have you any last words to say?"
"No."
"Sheriff, do your work!"
Thus it is: from "grave to gay, from lively to severe."

I mourn the downfall of my Jack and Jill.
I see them descending, obstacles not heeding.
I see them pitching headlong, the water from the pail outpouring,
a noise from leathern lungs out-belching.
The shadows of the night descend on Jack, recumbent, bellowing,
his pate with gore besmeared.
I love his cowardice, because it is an attribute, just like
Job's patience or Solomon's wisdom, and I love attributes.
Whoop!!!

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Just Rhymes.
R. H. Russell, New York.
1899.

A DIALOGUE IN HADES

OMAR KHAYYÁM AND WALT WHITMAN

Omar. Welcome to the realm of shades, thou traveler from the hemisphere that was not dreamt of when I left Earth.

Walt. Is that so? Then am I the being best fitted to describe it, for I represent the whole of American life. I am

> "A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfullest,
> A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of seasons,
> Of every hue, trade, rank, caste, and religion,
> Not merely of the New World, but of Africa, Europe, Asia—a wandering savage,
> A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, lover, quaker,
> A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest."

Omar. Thou speakst in riddles.

Walt. That's poetry, man.

Omar. 'T would not so have been styled when I abode at Nishápúr; but perchance thou wast one of the discoverers of the western world, and so didst strive to lead the aborigine into the pleasant paths of versification.

Walt. I have but lately left yonder planet.

Omar. And thine is the poetry now in vogue?

Walt. Not yet; but it will be, although

> "All I have done, I would cheerfully give to be trod under foot, if it might only be the soil of superior poems."

My aim was to

> "Announce greater offspring, orators, days, and then depart."

I was in no haste for personal recognition, believing that

"The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it."

Meanwhile, my countrymen are absorbing you.

Omar. Thou surprisest me. What had I in common with the denizens of thy world, barbarian?

Walt. Americans have a fondness for Oriental imagery, as for exotic plants, for all things rare or uncommon. Their bards used to be reproached with adhering too strictly to European models, but when one arose not hide-bound by convention, who sacrificed manner to matter, and was a law unto himself—

Omar. He was regarded as a god.

Walt. Quite the reverse. The people of the States still lean upon Old World traditions in matters of art. They place the refined above the natural, though all men know that brown bread is more wholesome than white; and while they have your melancholy quatrains done into musical English verse by a poet of the first rank they will not hearken to my "barbaric yawp."

Omar. Nor can I blame them. Thy genius is not strong enough to run a good race, handicapped with thy coarseness.

Walt. I like not the word from one who rejoiced in getting drunk.

Omar. That is the meaning thou readest into my praise of the grape, O thou of evil mind. Reflect upon thy own saying,—

"All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it,
Did you think it was in the white or gray stone? or the lines of the arches and cornices?

"All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments."

Walt. You appear to have read my poems. I had not expected them to have penetrated thus far.

Omar. Full many volumes have come hither, consigned to Hades by the moral teachers of Earth.

Walt. There must be a goodly store of choice literature out here.

Omar. True; but none so repellent as thine, thou sensualist.

Walt. No more sensualist I, than you a drunkard. You affirm you were not, and I doubt no man's word. Like the Preacher in Ecclesiastes you said, "I sought in my heart to give myself unto wine," simply as a commentary upon the text, "All is vanity." My point of view was the opposite—All is *not* vanity. I sang the Modern Man in his entirety, and no more considered it honorable to ignore an integral part than would a physician in dissecting a human body.

Omar. In my earthly sojourn, the physician chose not the public thoroughfare for his analysis. Thou mightest have accomplished thy end after a manner more akin to decency.

Walt. I treated all subjects alike.

Omar. Thou speakest truth. There is a preponderance of unnecessary detail throughout thy so-called verse. I marvel not that mine is preferred.

Walt.

> "Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in America?
> Have you studied out MY LAND, its idioms and men?
> Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom, friendship of my land? its substratums and objects?
> Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year of the independence of The States, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by"—

Omar. Hold! Enough! Thou drivest me from my centre of gravity with thy flow of meaningless words. Verily, if thy land be like unto thy poetry, I can describe it well, though I have seen it not.

Walt. Begin then.

Omar. It differs from Europe in many a league of monotony between the spots of natural or historic interest.

Walt. But the spots exist, you'll allow, and they're interesting enough to justify a spacious background, the duller the better. You may travel for hours over a flat and dreary surface, but suddenly, you come to—the Falls of Niagara.

Omar. Doubtless thou referrest to some astounding beauty of nature, and if it be so, my simile is applicable. I turn thy Leaves of Grass in despair at their tedium, but of a sudden I come upon some astounding beauty of nature, thy Poem of the Road, or A Word out of the Sea. Would I could have crossed Brooklyn Ferry with thee, and as thy lines beginning "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night," I myself might have penned them.

Walt. You never could. Your feeling for nature was not the close, personal affection that I felt—for the rough as for the smooth, for the unsightly as for the comely. You personified Sun, Stars, Night, giving them an existence apart from their association with Earth. The external world was part of my very essence; to you it was the emblem of Fate:—

> "And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
> Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
> Lift not your hands to It for help—for it
> As impotently moves as you or I."

Omar. Somewhat like unto that I said, without a doubt.

Walt. But there are others of thy quatrains that I might have written.

Omar. Thou'rt modest.

Walt. I could not establish my kinship with every man who ever lived, had I not something of even you in me.

Omar. Let me hear thy presumptuous comparisons.

Walt. I say,—

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them."

You transcribe the same thought thus:—

"And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!"

Again you sigh,—

"Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence,* like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither,* willy-nilly blowing."

I echo,—

"We, capricious, brought hither we know not whence,
spread out before you,
You up there walking or sitting,
Whoever you are, we too lie in drifts at your feet."

I find eternity in men and women, and you come to the conclusion,—

"I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

You sing,—

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more,

The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour."

To which I reply,—

"I, too, but signify, at the utmost, a little washed-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and drift."

Omar. I am amazed, not having observed one sentiment of thine like unto mine.

Walt. You must not imagine that your type of mind died with Omar, the Tent-Maker. It is common in my land, whose representative I am, and therefore voice its every phase.

Omar. Even in opposition to thy prevailing mood? I was ever bent upon self-suppression, while thou held nothing to be good which ignored individuals.

Walt. Yes; I was "Teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, Egotism."

Omar. Was that a fitting creed for a nation where individuality already is rampant, if thy writings are to be believed? Methinks 't were better preached in Europe or in Asia, where men are handled *en masse.*

Walt. You do not understand. I was the mouthpiece of Democracy, wherever found.

Omar. Thy ideal is not in accord with that of the Europeans with whom I have conversed since they came hither. It must have been formed solely upon experience of America.

Walt. Perhaps; I never was anywhere else.

Omar. That accounts for the excess of the egoism, likewise for thy provincialism.

Walt. My what?

Omar. Thou comprehendest not the word? Its meaning cannot be unknown even in America. That land may be as large as half the globe in substance and supreme in material things, and

yet be backward in thinking. Hath not the invention of thy countrymen gone in advance of their imagination? Hath not their education distanced their culture?

Walt. There is no other nation so mad after the things of the mind.

Omar. And yet thou, hoping to be its representative, glorified the body.

Walt. I strove to impress the truth which America in her craze for intellectuality is most likely to forget,—that physical development is essential to the highest mental development.

Omar. "This is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

Walt. You may scoff at my lines as you please; I tell you, they contain a warm and intimate feeling for the race, as individuals, far more sincere than much of the talk about the Brotherhood of Man it has become the mode for modern poets to sing. 'T is easy to love your kind in bulk, and disdain detached specimens.

Omar. I troubled myself about neither, but lived the life of a recluse, and looked at the stars.

Walt. You made a great mistake. A man has to look down and around, as well as upward, if he wishes to be in sympathy with his kind.

Omar. Thy kind receive thee not, thou hast said.

Walt. My poems have gained an attentive hearing among the thoughtful of the Old World.

Omar. Strange! America clings to me; Europe to thee.

Walt. Not strange at all. The crude ever craves the finished, the finished the crude. When my works, like yours, have been buried for eight centuries, there may spring up, from my mouldering Leaves of Grass, flowers of as rare perfume as ever bloomed in your garden—with the assistance of a knowing cultivator.

Omar. None more willing than I to acknowledge my indebtedness to the translator, whom I have suitably thanked since I had opportunity, though he answered none of the questions I asked in my Rubáiyát.

Walt. Because he couldn't.

Omar. That task was left to thee. I know not thy equal for self-confidence.

Walt. I would have you to remember that,

> "I have claimed nothing to myself which I have not carefully claimed for others on the same terms"—

Omar. Make an end of rehearsing thy interminable lines, and tell me truly the secret of thy firm faith in the existence of the state at which we have now arrived.

Walt. My belief was based chiefly upon the theory of Evolution.

Omar. 'T was ne'er heard of in my day.

Walt. Nor for many a long day after. I went a step beyond most of my contemporaries in applying its laws to spirit as well as to matter, deeming the one as indestructible as the other. Where were you, then, with your quatrain,—

> "Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
> Before we too into the Dust descend;
> Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
> Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!"

in opposition to my promise,—

> "And I will show you that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results—And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death."

Omar. Verily, a cheerful showing; but I was content to be a follower of Epicurus, and let the future go.

Walt. Your verses did not breathe contentment, my comrade. I had ever more sympathy for you than for the Agnostics of my time to whom you are so closely akin. They are satisfied not to

know, but you seemed ever in doubt if that which you did not know, and had vainly sought to discover, were not the sum and substance of all Truth.

Omar. Of a surety my attitude was the converse of thine, but I believe thy sound health and good digestion were alone responsible for thy joy in life.

Walt. It may have been so at the outset, but my opinions did not change, even when I became poor and old and paralyzed, my superb constitution having been wrecked through hardships endured while attending upon sick or wounded soldiers in the war—

Omar. War? Is that disgrace to humanity not yet abolished?

Walt. No; and "Whatever is, is right." But tell me, friend, have you taken so little interest in the Earth as not to have revisited it in the spirit?

Omar. Wherefore should I return? Like thyself, I was out of harmony with the men among whom I lived.

Walt. Still, mere curiosity might have rendered you desirous of seeing what progress the world had made in all these hundreds of years since you left it.

Omar. What are centuries when one is no longer in Time but Eternity? Moreover, the planet Earth, the whole solar system to which it belongeth, are now become of infinitesimal importance in the wonders of the universe I am exploring.

Walt. I understand. You were an astronomer, and have gone on. Let me go with you.

Omar. How can such a request be granted to the man who wrote,—

> "I believe I shall find nothing in the stars more majestic and beautiful than I have already found on the earth"?

Walt. Again you misinterpret me. Your verses are in one key; mine are in various. There is growth in my Modern Man. Later he goes on to say,—

"I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what the not-day exhibited.
I was thinking this globe enough, till there tumbled upon me myriads of other globes. . . .
O how plainly I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me—as the day cannot,
O I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death."

You, Omar Khayyám, shall be my instructor. Come, let us proceed. You shall prove me a true seer when I dreamed:—

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and looked at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my Spirit, *When we become the enfolders' of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?*
And my Spirit said *No, we but level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.*"

JEAN N. MCILLWRAITH.

Atlantic Monthly.
June, 1902.

THE VISION OF WALT WHITMAN

TO "*Saturday Night*," 1887–1903
(What the poet might have said but didn't.)

Hail!
Thou weekly paper, delight of thousands of homes, all hail!
Why do I hail thee?
I looked about me and I saw innumerable evidences of baseness, of dependence, of bondage and of sheer lack of wit.
I saw the press of the country devoted to Party or to Corporate Influences: I saw hands tied and tongues silent which should have been eloquent of evil:
Looked I too and saw countless homes in street, square, side-road, concession line, by the little river, by the broad prairie, by lake side and mountains in this broad Dominion of ours,
And in them I, Walt—the comrade of men and women—saw humanity devouring with uncertain relish the garish tales of red murder, the gleeful quota of parish scandal, the pink gazette of the police and the soulful wail of the paid editor in the political, commercial and agricultural domain.
My soul was sad, as sad as the soul of a yahoo dining in a dress suit.

. . . . . .

Then "Saturday Night" arose, and with it my soul arose too!
I saw a finely printed sheet lighted with many brave illustrations; portraits of my loved men and women, statesmen, politicians, social leaders, actors, preachers, singers, beautiful all of them; they are my brothers and sisters.
I saw my soul's comrade "Don," writing of all things under heaven and earth, politics, sociology, theology and the philosophy of how-to-do things, with wit and a geniality of expression new and entrancing.
I witnessed his advocacy of Right and his frown upon Wrong—the wrong politic, social, professional;

I read his merry gibes and quaint quips; I heard people laugh long and quietly.

Through the paper I read of doings social; of functions at Government House, and at Mrs. Captain So-and-So's tea, the pink tea with roses and colored lights, all dear to feminine hearts; also I read of the merry dance, the dinner and who were there; I absorbed elegance unconsciously.

The theatrical columns I perused, telling of generations of actors and their art.

The music page, with the keen authoritative thrust and pat of approval by our *maestro*—"Cherubino."

Through "Lady Gay" I read my character and handwriting; she told me I was a seer; she also gave me many quaint gags.

Articles numerous and leading by "Lance" and other strong writers, charmed me, and I said: where do we get such writing, the writing of sane, virile minds?

The serial stories, the short stories, the sketches, poems, the anecdotes, jokes, the comic pictures, the McConnell cartoons (all of them of note), where do we get any such?

O "Saturday Night," with keen thrust of wit, with smiles, with endless entertainments, thou wilt make Canada a nation of happy homes, and so

I salute thee, my *camerado!*

REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto Saturday Night.
1903.

PUNCH AND THE NAVVY FIEND

"A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD"

(After Walt Whitman's poem of the same name.)

Starting eagerly, I come to the Open Road.
(*Viens, ma chère!* It is an important public thoroughfare.)
Before me is a formidable barricade of planks and ropes, and a steely escarped mound.
Beyond lies a gaping fosse, deeply dug out.
No! This is not Port Arthur; it is London, and a chief artery of traffic.
Brawny delvers heave shovelsful of dark brown earth from below, at slow and measured intervals, between lengthy pulls at cans of some white metal.
(Give me your hand, camerado, you are evidently working by the hour, and not at piecework.)
Which way goes London's congested traffic? Have you no busses running east and west?——no motors? no bicycles? Are there no heavy vans to block progress in the busiest time of the day?
Ah! They have gone round some half mile, by way of the Embankment and small side streets.
Other roads have I also seen in passing, roped in with cords and iron rods—their turn will come after.
Viens, ma chère,
(Can you leap a ten-foot chasm, or walk an eighteen-inch plank bridge.)
We will cross the road.

Daily Mirror.
London, England.
October 5, 1904.

THE BOATRACE

I have purchased myself a ticket and take my place in the train.
I see about me many maidens and many robust young men
Talking to them. They seem to like it.
I see about me old grads, with drinks under their belts.
There are many flags.

We move swiftly up the track to where the race is to be.
Here we remain in the hot sun upward of three hours.
Here the sun raises on my neck blisters, water blisters,
Blood blisters and plain blisters.
The race cannot be rowed because there is too much wind.
I am filled with joy that I have coughed up two bones
For this.

Years, decades, centuries pass and the oarsmen appear.
They are clad in a garment which shall be nameless.
I see a pistol raised. There is a flash. They commence.
Around me pandemonium breaks out. I hear cheers, cries,
Groans, encouragement, entreaties, pleadings, betting,
Supplications. I hear "hell," "damn," "pull," "lobster" and
Some new ones.

Ten minutes pass. The oarsmen keep doing it.
They contract chapped hands, shortness of breath,
Anemia and abdominal pains. Then the race is
Over.

In the train are congratulations, noises, felicitations,
Liquidation of debts and mush talk between
The Sexes.

I am hungry.

"Walt Whitman."

The Cornell Widow.
1904.

THE POETS AT A HOUSE-PARTY

THE LIMERICK

(WALT WHITMAN'S VERSION)

Hail, Camerados!
I salute you,
Also I salute the sewing-machine, and the flour-barrel, and the feather-duster.
What is an aborigine, anyhow?
I see a paste-pot.
Ay, and a well of ink.
Well, well!
Which shall I do?
Ah, the immortal fog.
What am I myself
But a meteor
In the fog?

CAROLYN WELLS.

A Parody Anthology.
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
1904.

OLD FAVORITES IMPROVED: AFTER WALT WHITMAN

THE GRAND YOUNG MAN

Within me is the longest day, my voice wheels in continuous action,
    it does not stop for months;
Stretched in due time within me the Ego arises above the horizon
    and stays there;
Within me, zones, seas, cataracts, forests, volcanoes, groups,
Websterian, Clayic and the others who at present are not in it with
    me.
You vapors, I think I have risen with you, moved away to distant
    continents, and fallen down there for reasons;
But I have never fallen down in the Senate;
When I feel like falling I lean against myself and am reassured
    of a firm prop;
I think I have blown with you, you winds,
And it is a good thing for you that I have not blown against you;
If I had; well—.

WILLIAM JAMES LAMPTON.

New York Sun.
1907.

WHITMAN IS THE VOICE OF ONE WHO SAITH:

Lo, behold, I eat water melons. When I eat water melons the
world eats water melons through me.
When the world eats water melons,
I partake of the world's water melons.
The bugs,
The worms,
The negroes, etc.,
Eat water melons;
All nature eats water melons.
Those eidolons and particles of the Cosmos
Which do not now partake of water melons
Will at some future time partake of water melons,
Praised be Allah!

EZRA POUND.

The Spirit of Romance.
J. M. Dent & Sons, London.
(1909?)

SALUT À LA JEUNESSE

(AFTER WALT WHITMAN)
(*Queen's Club, April* 19–22.)

Whoever you are!
You young and natural persons!
You fine-profiled Etonian! You fair-haired Wykehamist!
You Carthusian! Harrovian! Haileyburian! Malvernian!
You Radleian of Radley! You Tongbridgian!
You Cheltonian and Cliftonian from the West! (I too am an old Cliftonian.)
You voisin of the Abbey!
You stripling from the downs of Wiltshire!
You latent fighter from Wellington! You Rugbeian!
To you the first honours! (I got this list from *The Sportsman.*)
Elèves, I salute you.

O crowding me closely and still more closely!
O infusing in me the tempo of your lusty bravuras!
This would be a tame show if it weren't for you.

I hear the same old indiscriminate applause;
I hear you acclaim your comrades' victory—
Or if your side loses you cheer all the louder, to drown the other fellows.
(How *résumé* it all is!)
I hear you acclaim every ace won, by whatever kind of shot;
Acclaim the crashing half-volley stroke, just above the board;
Acclaim the swift, heavily-cut service, that drops from the back-wall like a stone, or pitches dead in the nick;
Acclaim the mis-hit off the wood, correlative in value to the subtlest "drop,"
(All these you acclaim, and the last more loudly than any).

I hear the marker twanging out the score—what a croupier he would make!
I see him ever and again doling out superb racket-balls, for which somebody (probably a parent) will have to pay a superb price;
I see past and present giants of the game in the foremost cunei!
I see the referee in the middle, and the two umpires on either side of him;
I see Webbe, Ashworth, Baerlein, Miles, Dames-Longworth, Noel and the Hon. C. N. Bruce.
I see also three of the incomparable feuillage of Fosters;
I see strong-brawned *professori,* keenly these limber-hipped young champions in embryo watching;
For instance, "Judy," Laker, Crosbie, Hawes, Williams, Jamsetjee;
I see majestic, bearded habitués (say, old top-knot, what was *your* school?);
I see industrious journalists ticking off the service-runs (one player made twelve aces in a single hand, but oh, is *that* the best part of rackets?)—
All this I see;
And yet, what urged and impelled me hither,
The ball (mark you, this too is "standard" now), the game, the cunning foot-work in taking the service,
The lightning kill off the back-wall,
The placing down the side-wall,
All the spontaneous joys and thrills of this superb pastime (mercy, how the flukes splash!)—
These I have to take for granted, I up here in *arrière,* playing *cache-cache* amidst the *en-masse;*
I must content myself with interior vistas (enough!);
I can but listen,
Can but imagine, fear, hope, despond, exult, shout,
Myself and my neighbours, our voices orotund and reverberant.

Allons! The match is over!
A little time vocal, and then—*camerado*, I give you my hand!
So long!

Punch.
May 3, 1911.

SONG OF THE MANUSCRIPT

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF WHITMAN)

I celebrate myself and sing myself!
I, habitan of the attic, now twenty-five hundred words long, structurally correct, neatly typewritten on eight and a half by eleven bond paper, with ample margins, fastened with a new clip, inclosing two perfectly good postage-stamps:
(I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so precious!)
Going in for my chances and spending for vast returns,
Aiming to land in some first-class periodical, and hoping to cease not until I ring the bell.

After all, not to create only,
But to deliver the goods, to win out, at all events to get by!
This I harbinge to you, Camerado, and to other creators of romanzas.
I sing of the open road, of the post-office, of the nine hundred and ninety-nine places to sell manuscripts;
I sing of editors, of office boys, of janitors, of the first reader and of the second reader (of the general reader and of the gentle reader I sing also, though I have never been introduced to them).
I sing of the old man who signs the checks (I love him, though I do not know him); of the typist, of her style as she passes through the office, tight-gown'd, Dutch-neck'd, with puffed hair, large-ey'd, hankering for confectionery:
I sing of all these, for I am up against them all;
Each has his or her part in the proposition,
And all tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them.

The office boy, turning his gum as he totes the mail to the desk and opens envelopes with smutty fingers, stamping with red ink and a rubber stamp: me also he opens and stamps.

Urged onward, I pass to the literary editor. He removes his pipe and unfolds me. I see the orbic flex of his mouth; he is yawning

(Oh, something pernicious and dread, something cloudlike, escaped from his pipe, pouring copious though frail leaves of me!)

His pencil is large and blue; he writes upon my criticism slip; he says: "It is middling well as far as it goes; but it does not grip, it lacks red blood, it is not vital, it is not hot stuff."

(Me imperturbe, awaiting my finalé, do not trouble my spirit to indicate itself or be understood.)

Allons, I must not stop here. I pass to other wise guys, to the male sub-editor and to the female sub-editor (for the female is just as literary as the male, maybe more).

I offer my style to them all; my thoughts play subtly upon their spectacles.

Onward I pass to the big chief behind the frosted doors. (Oh, I have a hunch: I am going to be frosted, too!)

He is the main thing, he dictates orthography, punctuation, quotation, paragraphing, italicization, politics, so that the rest never change them afterward nor assume to answer back; he is the answerer: what can be answer'd he answers, and what cannot be answer'd, he shows how it cannot be answer'd; he dispenses judgments inexorable without the least remorse.

Me he unfolds and peeringly views.

Pleased with the style of my clip, he adds it to his collection, and begins to read, at random glancing.

Silence, the desk, the pain'd expression, the sickening flop of me falling horribly into the return basket,

In arrière the typist, pensive, observant, she knows his thoughts and nothing is conceal'd from her, she addresses an envelop, I am put in, with a printed slip (me folded in strange folds) the stamps are lick'd,

On, on I go (open, doors of time!) the gloom of the mailbox has swallow'd me.

O Camerado close! O you and me at last and us two only!
I have come back, Camerado, although the same, changed.
I have journey'd considerable, and have had about as much as I can stand, my appearance balks account, I have thumb marks, my corner is torn and my clip is gone, but I know you love me, and we shall stick by each other as long as we live.
I am still on the job, I am experient, tenacious, tireless, and cannot be shaken away, I strike up for a new deal.

Allons, Camerado, get busy, clean your type, put in a fresh ribbon, trot out your best paper,
Dig up Roget's Thesaurus, Crabb's Synonyms, Familiar Quotations, Elements of Rhetoric,
Let us strip away our old feuillage, boil down our formules, cut out our bromides, our delicatesse and our highbrow psychology, cross out these immensely overwork'd adjectives, throw in some snappy action, human interest and uplift!
Dress'd in new costume, I will pass on, gathering endless bunches of rejection slips,
Visit the Manhatta, Brooklyn, Paumanok, Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, Kanada, the Northwest, Boston, the Sporades, the Syndicates!
I shall confer on equal terms with each of the states, make trial of myself, promulge what is in me, seek for my finalé, though I shall come back to you at stated intervals.
Allons, I am ready, me for the open road!
So long!

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Partly printed in
The Century.
February, 1912.

ALLONS! CAMARADOES!

Allons! Camaradoes, this is the great day!
The whistle has blown, the ball is kicked, ours is to be the victory.
I see a man rushing at me, I grasp him by the trousers, they tear,
God is good and the world is kind.
The man has slipped; there is a rent in his pantaloons,
More men rush at us, I do not see the ball, I hit the man.
I have trodden the toes of one into a jelly, I have hit a second in the wind.
I grasp them by the eyes, the eyelids, the hair, the back teeth, the superfluous cuticle, the left hind leg and the right ear.
One of them is lying upon the ground, I stand on him and jump.
Get up, O you stale cadaver; the game is not yet over.
I seize the ball, I run, I slip and run again.
I pass bodies, grass, clothes, sweaters, mud, goal-posts,
White-washed lines—all the sad remnants of humanity.
Behold, I have scored, the game is ours, the enemy are reduced to fœtid excrescences on *terra firma.*
Carry me softly, brothers, my bones are brittle and mostly broken.

"Dipsicus."
(E. M. Wrong.)

Arbor.
University Press, Toronto.
March, 1912.

THE TENEMENT CLOTHES LINE

WALT WHITMAN

Wash! Flung to the four winds of Manhatta,
I, Walt Whitman, see this.
The simple, democratic wash of my *camerados*—
Italianos, Muscovites, and even Americanos—
Undershirts, underdrawers, kimonos, socks, bedclothes, pajamas;
Pink, red, green, of various tints, shades and colors;
Some with holes in them, some without holes in them;
Tattered, faded, patched, the Female's equally with the Male's I sing.

JOHN REED.

Boston Evening Herald.
April 25, 1912.

THE HOSPITAL

I sing the song of the hospital, the model hospital for human agonies. I sing the song of the mysteries of the aforesaid institution, of its hidden secrets and its inviolable decrees; I sing of these and more.

I sing the supercilious surgeon, with his deferential manner towards the highest paying patients, and his innate brutality to those who have no "come back." I also sing the countless experiments upon human beings merely to find out whether the discoveries are curative—or fatal. These I sing, and still more.

I sing the ambulances with their reverberant agonies and the hard and indifferent people who run them—young and ambitious surgeons, who get their training in that way—who become so surfeited with plain drunks that they do not know a case of real heart disease when they see it. I sing the noisy wheels, the curious crowds, and the blank brick walls that hide the tragedy from the common view.

I sing the Board of Directors, sleek old Presbyterians and blatant Baptists and hard-headed respectable men of multifarious wealth, who pass resolutions and audit accounts and go their way rejoicing; while inside in the wards and on the pallid cots lie still and moaning figures, with no redress.

I sing the midnight staff suppers and the impatient nurse, with her outward calm and her warm smile of sympathy in the presence of the prying and influential stranger.

I sing the futile call for water and the unanswered bell and the long hours of loneliness and the brutal word to silence.

I sing also the protesting voice of the occasional kind-hearted doctor and the sympathetic woman who are caught in the toils and who are too weak of themselves to fight the system. I sing the minority. And above all, I sing the great world outside, that goes on its way indifferent to human injustice and the cries of the tortured, and who cares not whether the doors are wide open while youthful surgeons ply their trade and per-

form their midnight operations which result in the silent journeys of the unknown poor.

I sing the hospital, the awful unknown, with its depth of misery and hopelessness and cruelty.

Life.
November 21, 1912.

THE SONG OF OBLIGATIONS

O the citizen's obligations.

The obligation of every American citizen to see that every other American citizen does his duty, and to be quick about it.

The janitor's duties, the Board of Health's duties, the milkman's duties, resting upon each one of us individually with the accumulated weight of every cubic foot of vitiated air, and multiplied by the number of bacteria in every cubic centimeter of milk.

The motorman's duties, and the duty of every spry citizen not to allow himself to be run over by the motorman.

The obligation of teachers in the public schools to supply their pupils with all the aptitudes and graces formerly supposed to be the result of heredity and environment.

The duty of each teacher to consult daily a card catalogue of duties, beginning with Apperception and Adenoids and going on to Vaccination, Ventilation, and the various vivacious variations on the three R's.

The obligation resting upon the well-to-do citizen not to leave for his country place, but to remain in the city in order to give the force of his example, in his own ward, to a safe and sane Fourth of July.

The obligation resting upon every citizen to write to his Congressman.

The obligation to speak to one's neighbor who may think he is living a moral life, and who yet has never written to his Congressman.

The obligation to attend hearings at the State House.

The obligation to protest against the habit of employees at the State House of professing ignorance of the location of the committee-room where the hearings are to be held; also to protest against the habit of postponing the hearings after one has at great personal inconvenience come to the State House in order to protest.

The duty of doing your Christmas shopping early enough in July to allow the shop-girls to enjoy their summer vacation.

The duty of knowing what you are talking about, and of talking about all the things you ought to know about.

The obligation of feeling that it is a joy and a privilege to live in a country where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and where even if you have the price you don't get all the liberty you pay for.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS.

Humanly Speaking.
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
1912.

'THE PERSONIFIED WALT WHITMANESQUE'

I, Walt Whitman, as large as my size and no larger (neither larger
by a jot or a tittle, nor smaller by a jot or a tittle,—
O know you, all men such as I am, that this is equally true of you
and of all else in the universe)—
I, here squatting on the beach at Nahant, free—unspeakable as
Nature—
Clad only in my birthday suit—supporting myself on lusty thighs,
knuckles, fingers, knees, feet,—
Winding and piling before me several miles of pliant and pre-
hensile fishing line
(O know you that this line is of equal importance to me, to the
universe, and to the fish!)—
I, whirling the leaden sinker 'round my head with fulsome and
fierce gesticulations—
Balked in my efforts to cast it far out to sea by having the hook
snag in my fingers—
Succeeding at length in throwing the well-baited hook a mile or
more out into the roaring water—
Sitting and squatting then again—waiting till I feel the bite of
some sea creature—
(Whale, shark, crab, sea-bass, sea-trout, sea-serpent—each neither
more nor less than the other)—
Feeling at length in my finger tips the thrill electric that puts me
in touch with a denizen of the deep, as with all nature—
Jerking a wild response with muscular wrists, and hauling land-
ward with desperate and gigantic grabs—
Reaching at length the end of the line, and capturing a snapping
and snarling toad fish, which I hurl triumphantly into my
fishing basket—
Arriving at home toward evening with a long and delirious string
of similar piscatorial trophies.

F. C. Goldsborough.

Poems and Sonnets.
David Nutt, London.
1912.

EPITHALAMIUM

I sing the song of the June bride;
I sing it impartially to suffragette, vegetarian, stenographer, cubist, Armenian, dressmaker or débutante.
I sing the June bride out of step to the wedding march;
The thankful mother weeping copiously on her jabot;
The father rejoicing as a young man to run in debt;
The bridesmaids ingenuously memorizing the ritual.
I sing the June bride, and as a quaint novelty in the manner of Walt Whitman I append a transient thought for the bridegroom;
Rah, rah, rah! Bridegroom!
I salute you, bridegroom, whether you are a namby-pamby milk lusher, or a turkey trotter, or a bull-mooser, or a single-taxer, or a deliberate and unqualified falsifier, or a curly wolf from Back Bay, Boston, Mass.
That's me every time—that's the kind of man I am; that's the way I write poetry.

O happy, happy day!
O happy caterer, and O happy bride!
O trebly happy occasion if no relative, no fortuitously related malefactor of great wealth was omitted from the list of invitations.
I earnestly trust that no salt adulterates the ice cream; I breathe anathema against a caterpillar on the orange blossoms. I crave no false note in the hired choir, and I see no reason why these young people should not be joined asunder.
O joyous day of the wedding when no reporter forgets to report the silver bon-bon forks, rarebit forks, pickle forks, cold meat forks, pudding forks, salad forks, tuning forks, dessert forks, and the inevitable art lamp shade for the living room.
And especially happy day if there are no marked duplicates among the wedding gifts.

I sing the epithalamium to the bride.
Let her name be Kelly or Rosenthal or Duchamps or Vogelweide or Stavoropolo or Garcia or Smith;
Let her be a string-bean or a perfect shape, and let her be blond, brunette or a subject for arbitration.
Indifferent to the above, I praise the wedding reception marshalled on the general principles of the bread line;
I hymn the wedding breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon;
I glorify the police interference at the church; and I laud the clergyman sending in a statement on the first of the month instead of demanding settlement on a cash basis.

O cheerful news that the decorators have finally finished the job; O thankful statement that the confetti neglected to arrive;
O gladsome tidings that the best man is still in possession of the ring.
O secret rumor that the happy couple are bound for Niagara Falls, Switzerland, Atlantic City, Rome (Italy), Rome (N. Y.), Dresden, Muncie, or to olive-silvery Hoboken-by-the-Tube.
On to the church! On to the ceremony! On to the free lunch!

O bride, you who cleverly crossing your fingers promise to obey whomsoever you marry that he may obey you;
And bridegroom, pledging your worldly goods as an endowment or a schedule of liabilities as the case may be;
I sing your wedding song not because I claim any especial merit in singing wedding songs, but because of an insatiate desire to sing something.
As to brides and bridegrooms, male and female, civilized, semi-civilized and barbarous, living whether in Harlem flats or Kedar's tents or Fifth Avenue palaces or instalment bungalows out in the rhubarb belt, I lilt this recessional to wish you purer food and better babies and fewer divorces and a lower cost of living, not to mention an increasing love for uplifting,

inspiring, imperishable lyric such as mine. (The applause accented, as in the *Congressional Record.*)

And you who are not June bridegrooms, nor yet June brides,
Remembering always that men should marry when they will, and maidens when they can—
You should worry.

"Holworthy Hall."
(Harold Everett Porter)

Life.
June 15, 1913.

ADMETUS

A "POEM" WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADES OF WALT WHITMAN

Cameradoes!
I sing the strong man!
I sing the man sent forth to do a task.
I sing the man proud in his energy, proved worthy, tied hand and foot by Circumstances.
I sing the man calm with the calmness of desperation.
I sing the song of the little railroad and its boss.

The little railroad, my brothers!
Not the terrible, thundering trains that tear through tunnel and over trestle,
Not the Systems that span this splendid continent indissoluble,
Not the Sante Fés, nor the Burlingtons, nor the Friscos and the giants of transportation,
Not the Eries, nor the Altons, nor the Pacifics that link lake to gulf and ocean to ocean,
None of these I sing.
I sing the two streaks of rust. I sing the two by four railroad of no particular length but wide as any,
I sing the song of the foolish built railroad, the unnecessary railroad, the little railroad and its Boss.
Cameradoes! Brothers! You have had a dream,
I swear you have had a nightmare when danger followed you and you could not stir.
Struggling, panting, bending, writhing, you would escape the Thing that pursued,
But you advanced not a foot and the Thing gained on you.
And Fear and Terror overcame you so that at last you awoke exhausted, powerless,
I say life itself is such a nightmare for the boss of a little railroad.

Not for the boss of a little railroad are many things,
Not for him the Pullman and the Inspection train and the rear platform, brass railed and shining,
Not for him the persevering porter and the daily shoe shine,
Not for him the respect of the section boss as the train thunders by:
Not for him the annual pass and the invitation to dine with the banker:
Not for him the smile of the manufacturer, or the splendid box of cigars, or the public presentation and praise or the magnificent scorn of the Chief Clerk.
None of these delights are for the boss of the little railroad.
For he is the Alpha and Omega.
He is the entire lactic coagulation.
The titles that others enjoy, are his burdens.
Not Three in One, but many in one.
He is alone, solitary, unconnected, unaided.
He is General Manager and Freight Agent and Boss of the wrecking crew.
He is Treasurer, and Auditor and bridge boss,
He is Comptroller and Stenographer and Freight Handler,
He is Boiler Inspector and Roadmaster and Office Boy,
He is everything—and the boss of the little railroad.

Cameradoes! Allons! Let us examine.
His road runs from nowhere to nowhere
(He says it is all he can do to keep it from running to Hell.)
His ties need renewing and his bridges rebuilding,
His rolling stock is ancient, old time, coeval with the prairie schooner,
His banks cave in and his fills wash away with the heavy rains,
His cuts are threatened with the thaws,
His despair is great as he notes that the flues in engine 003 need renewing,
His coal is poor for the road's name as a prompt payer is the same,
His passenger earnings are cut down as the popularity of the Ford auto increases,

His taxes increase in consideration of the freight rate's fall,
His mail earnings lower as his pay roll goes up,
His connecting line hands him cars with big advances and the banker frowns on an overdraft,
His mind is worried as the Commissions call for reports in sheaves, and volumes and bales,
For of all men the boss of a little railroad carries a load which would stagger a Vanderbilt.

But Cameradoes! This is the unkindest cut of all,
When he feels tired, and worn and weary,
When he dreams of a trip over the lines of the big roads, the rich roads on which he served his apprenticeship,
The roads on which he would have risen had Fate not disposed of him,
His heart turns to water when he reads:
"It is not consistent with our policy to exchange transportation with roads of your size,"
For the sorrows of no man are like unto the sorrows of the boss of a little railroad.

Cameradoes! Of him I sing.
Of the man on a little railroad I sing!
I say he is as glorious a thing to sing of as the General Manager of a Trunk Line:
And on his tombstone will I sit and sing:
"HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST."

JACK RANDOM.

The Railway World.
March, 1915.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE

Wrapped in a tracèd maze, I stood
Communing with a Mountain, mighty, shaggy, imperial,
The Vast within me reaching out to grasp
Its Fellow Vastness.

Then at length Emotion's inner surges burst
The barriers of my reticence.

"Speak, Kindred Mountain, speak!" I cried;
"Reveal the secret of the irresistible,
Mysterious, subtle, ineluctable Sympathy
That seems to weld our Twain-ness into One-ness."

"Life," it replied, "perchance hath wrought alike with us—
Perchance it thrills in thee as in my bosom rocky,
My tracts of tossing pines,
My hollows and waste places,
My flanks of living green,
My precipices sheer—"

"No more!" I cried; "I now perceive the sympathetic links:
I, too, find life inexpressibly rocky,
My spirit also pines,
I feel, ever and anon, famine-bred hollows in my waist-places,
I, too, am green,
And of precipitous mischances I surely have my share!
Twin Brother of my Soul, I get you now!"

And thereupon
We
Two,

The Mountain and Myself,
Moved by fraternal impulse, laid our heads

Each on the other's shoulder, and then both
Burst into tears.

VICTOR KILSPINDIE.

New York Times.
June 6, 1915.

SONG OF THE L. S. P. M.

(AFTER WALT WHITMAN.)

I am the Low Standard of Public Morality: I celebrate myself with a sort of singular satisfaction.
I am universal: there never was a time when I was not; never will there be a time when I shall not be. Hark!
Hark! Ye makers of bridges, of the gleaming rails, of towers and minarets and golden pyramids!
I celebrate myself! I am not a thing of beauty: I move in no ordered rhythm; no grace possesses my thoughtless spirit,
Yet I was born to rule. From my weakness rise the mightiest empires; in the humble home of the humblest artisan
And in the throne room of the mightiest monarch
My word is law! Vice is my willing slave, and in the halls of Legislatures
My subtle tide knows no brooking: I bear on my smooth surface the kings of finance,
And the solemn priests presiding over the hearts of men give me their friendly obeisance. I am the emperor of all yielding!
Lo! In the night I go forth, with Ignorance for my handmaid,
And, touching the eyes of recumbent Man, make him callous to the call of character.
To the great level word, to the highest vision of Integrity
And to Honor's fruitless call I render his dull ears deaf; he becomes as a man dead to the delicate beauty of life's highest aim.
Yet he is not a brute! I should do my work ill were I to make him that! Hark!
I celebrate myself and I celebrate the creature of my own making —Man.
Man—respectable Man, unsensitive to alabaster virtue; Man groping for something he knows not what
And not finding it. I know myself! I celebrate myself.

I am the Low Standard of Public Morality. I live by the Right
That Man wields to make himself no better
Than he thinks it is necessary to make himself!

Life.
July 1, 1915.

I AM THE POSTER

I am what I am because the leaping eye cannot deny me.
I know not doubt.
I stammer not, nor quibble.
I am the child of originality born of imperious need.
I speak with a voice of brass, but my harvest is of gold.
I follow the trail of to-morrow rather than that of to-day.
I am the modern god of color, the Titan of line.
I am the sledgehammer of art pounding on the anvil of trade,
I fling my message with the speed and smashing power of the bullet.
I hit life between the eyes and waken it anew.
I am the courier of commerce, my banner flaming always on the outer wall.
I am the poster, my home is in the market places of the world.
I am the poster.

GROSVENOR B. CLARKSON.

Current Literature.
April, 1916.

THE BLIZZARD—SEPTEMBER 13, 1916

FROM "SHARK RIVER ANTHOLOGY"

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE—A LONG WAY AFTER WHITMAN AND MASTERS

I sing the exploit of Ladan—Ladan Nossirrah Dranreb,
The guest of Wallace Sawyer of Passyunk Avenue.
Bards of Asbury Park and Avon, New Jersey, aid me.
I sing the myriad branches
Upon which were strung like translucent beads
The crystalline jewels of the Ice King.
I sing the blizzard—the level driven sleet,
The ice encrusted roads and sidewalks;
And so where motors honk and walkers plod
Ladan of 122 East Seventeenth Street, Manhattan;
Ladan, lover of the winged skate,
The flashing blade and the swallow flight,
Glided swiftly toward the much sounding sea.
But alas, some miscreant, some strewer of ashes, lost to all the finer feelings that ennoble and dignify our common humanity, had sullied the crystalline purity of the ice encrusted sidewalk and down he came like some tall pine before the woodman's ax, busting his bifocals and proceeding onward for many inches upon a much too prominent proboscis.
Nothing daunted he arose and broom in hand to sweep the snow drift from his path, plunged onward, waving his domestic excalibur, to the board walk and the much sounding sea.
Then on—ever onward, undaunted, undismayed, he sped
Through swirling wind-borne snow spume,
Through blinding sleet and treacherous hidden pitfalls,
His flashing blades crunching the ice encrusted planks.
Onward through Asbury Park,
Onward through Ocean Grove—Home of the saints,
Onward through Bradley Beach
To the deserted village of Avon,

To the shores of the Shark River
And the desolate mansion of the Sawyers where we once held high carnival with wine and jest and song with noble hospitality,
But now alas, forlorn, untenanted,
Save by the memories of those feasts and joyous jests.
And there high upon a white pillar
While the blizzard swept and swirled
In wreathed mists of snow Ladan Nossirrah Dranreb
Wrote the chronicle of his deed.
Homeward sped Ladan in the blizzard's teeth
Wind nor' nor'west, but what cared he,
Gliding ever onward while the envious ocean gnashed its snow white teeth upon the supine beach—thundering curses,
Envious because rage as it might it could never forget its thousand crimes nor the myriad skeleton ships that lay in its dank and oozing depths.
And thus Ladan, the stormy petrel of Manhattan, fought his way
To the havan of Passyunk Avenue.
His journey done,
The victory won,
And another record broken in the history of Monmouth County.
I sing—I sing—but Ghosts of Whitman—is this singing?

B. H. NADAL.

FRIENDSHIP and Other Poems.
Robert J. Shores, New York.
1916.

W—LT WH—TM–N

(TAXATION)

I

What shall I tax? What are my budgets?

II

The country is mine—my taxations. Tax freely,
Tax without end—I offer the country to you wherever
Your feet may carry you or your eyes reach.

III

Why: who minds much about taxation?
As to me, I know nothing else but taxation,
Whether I walk the streets of Cardiff,
Or dart my sight over mansions toward the sky,
Or see the unclaimed land along the beach, just at the edge of the water,
Or see the coverts for pheasants in the woods,
Or talk with the supporters whom I love—or dine at night with anyone I love,
Or sit at table with Masterman or Alfred Mond,
Or look at millionaires opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch tax collectors busy with their schedules collecting the cash,
Or stags staggering in the forests,
Or grouse grousing on the moor—or the partridges in the fields or in the hot-pot,
Or the wonderful collection of Royal Academy paintings—or the stars on the stage, so quiet and modest,
Or whether I go amongst those I like best and that like me best, manufacturers, millionaires, and such like,
Or among the doctors—a sore point—or to the golf-courses,
Or stand a long while looking at the movements of the newspaper press—especially Harmsworth and Garvin's,

Or behold the Labour Party at football matches,
Or the admirable sight of Winston Churchill in a submarine,
Or my own eyes and figure in the glass;
These with the rest, one and all, suggest taxation,
The whole objecting, yet each marked out and in their places.

IV

To me every hour of the light and dark is for taxation,
Every inch of space is for taxation,
Every square or terrace on the surface of the land is doomed for the same,
Every cubic foot of the rooms inside are fit for the same,
Every yard of calico—the pictures—the pianos—the gramophone—the bird-cage—the clothes-horse—the tooth-pick—the bed-warmer—the bed with its blankets and sheets and all that in them is—
All these to me are certainly made for taxation.

V

The bad landlords,
Leading unnatural lives, eating large dinners,
Shooting birds and animals in the woods; here are some of their names:—
Bedford, Buccleuch, Westminster, Cadagon, Sutherland, Argyll, Portman and Abercorn,
Devonshire, Haddington, Powerscourt, Calthorpe, Rosebery, Norfolk, Breadalbane.
I would mention also Durham, Crewe, Chesterfield, Lincolnshire, Beauchamp, Granard, Aberdeen, Ashby, St. Ledgers, Cowdray and others, but they might be hurt;
Collecting rents in the shires, they raise rents, they evict, charging big rents for water and land and unhabitable huts,
Keeping servants with powdered heads and their own heads not fit for powder or shot;

Thin heads, thick heads, lean heads, fat heads, dead heads, heads I win and tails you lose;

Heads fit for the block, block-heads, heads of houses, heads housed in coronets, red heads, black heads, peroxide heads, Whig heads—heads with wigs—heads of schools, heads of matches, headaches, headpieces, head waiters, head-over-heels, head and shoulders:

Heads with polished tiles and heads with a tile off, heads with bees in their bonnets—not busy bees but drones, heads commonly called "balmy on the crumpet," heads above water and water-on-the-heads, headforemost, headlands, headlongs, heads of every description.

VI

Oh the budget! Oh henceforth—

Taxation, brave, non-adjustable, turbulent, quick and audacious,

A world of confiscation—vistas of money incessant,

A new age, wiping out previous ones, and grandeur far with new tones,

New policies, new cabinet ministers, new manners and arts, new clothes, new brooms, new leaves—

These my voice announcing—I will stop at nothing, but arise—

Your cheers have made me drunk with joy.

Here I feel you—the crowd, fathomless,

Stirring, perspiring and preparing unprecedented changes and storms.

See Utopia beaming through my budgets.

See in my budgets, landlords and capitalists clearing out and flying.

See for the people, the deer forest, the grouse butt, the fox-hounds, the rowing boat, the spillikin, the tiddlywink and the ping-pong.

See on the one side the flying aristocracy and on the other the coming people, how they advance upon my money bags, and like the daughters of the horse-leech cry:

"Give, give."

See pastures and forests in my budgets; see animals wild and tame, cats and dogs, white mice and black, countless herds of asses feeding on thistles.
See my budgets, town houses and country houses, squash courts and police courts: perambulators and curling stones.
See ploughmen ploughing up lawn tennis courts, see miners owning the mines: see the syndicalists owning factories.
See mechanics presiding over Vickers Maxim, Armstrong Whitworth and Brunner Mond.
See prisoners trying judges, Tommies drilling Colonels: see the Peers in corduroys and the Labour Party in silk and ermine.
See lounging through the golf courses and palaces of the land, me, the well beloved by day and by night.
Hear the loud songs about my budgets.
See me top-dog at last, top-dog with top-hat—a topper.
Oh, a word to cheer my path ahead definitely,
Oh, something ecstatic and unmentionable,
O!
Oh, how I triumph hand in hand with myself.
A wonderful pleasure—one more step upwards,
Haste on! Haste! with me.

A. Stoddart-Walker.

The Moxford Book of English Verse.
Eveleigh Nash Company, London.
1916.

PESTS OF THE METROPOLITAN

AFTER WALT WHITMAN

Hail, Camerados!
I salute you!
Also I salute the ticket speculator, the usher who does not ush, and the athletic young man who sells "lye-brettos."
What is on opera-goer anyway?
Oh, chaos and eternal torment!
Listen to the melody of my steam calliope.
I celebrate the pests of the opera. I elevate my fog-whistle, inspired by thoughts of the Cheerful Idiot.

1. The *Pagliacci Prologue;* the matchless art of Amato; the pause near the close; the dolts who start to applaud, the glares and hisses of their neighbors all unminding.
2. The "Vesti la Giubba," from the same opera; the impassioned eloquence of Caruso; the orchestral close and the pantomimed despair of Canio; once again the untimely applause of blunderers, their neighbors' fury all unheeding.
3. The opera *Il Trovatore;* the "Di Quella Pira"; the first high C of Manrico; the frantic outburst of fools who wait not for the completion of the aria; the black looks and imprecations of their neighbors disregarding.

I celebrate the pests of the Metropolitan.
Whoop!

C. B. G.

New York Sun.
January 8, 1917.

SONGS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE

BY WHAT WHICHMAN

1. "To the Leaden Leaves they Turned."

Behold I am not one that troubles the Permanent Head or the Minister.

The regulations never apologize, neither do I apologize:

I find letters dropped on my desk and each one minuted by the Chief Clerk,

And I leave them alone, knowing that if I do others will come and go forever.

When the proofs and the figures were ranged in columns before me,

When I was shown the charts and the diagrams to add, divide and assemble them,

How soon unaccountably I became sick.

Behold I am one that goes out for a walk and smokes.

I gaze at the harbour and think of life and of time:

How the beginning is much, the end is something and the Civil Service vista undemonstrable.

I see the man that mows the lawn, the Hottentot that loves his mother, the Maori that loves his Kai, the Carnival Queen, the messengers at Fire Practice, rough, bearded men that I love.

I return to my desk, I take up a column and add:

I see Jones checking it, I see Smith checking it, I see the check trousers of Smith that checked it, I see Brown checking it, I see the lunch of Brown, I see the accountant checking it, I see the report of the accountant who checked it.

I cannot see that I am wrong.

Oh ye accountants!

I am not much one that cares muchly for the Public Revenues Act, Meiklejohn on composition, incorporeal hereditaments, Charles Chaplin's new job or the faculty of attention.

The Public Service Journal.
Wellington, New Zealand.
Oct. 20, 1917.

THE POETS ON THE "WAR-TIME MATCH" [1]

WALT WHITMAN

No kauriapi to my hand! I wish
To light the light that lights the piazza—
Yea, one of brimstone, two of wood;
La! Tush! What of it? Caveat emptor!
Chuck us a match, old thing! Yon haven't one?
La inentira tiene las piernas cordas!
You bleaching owl! Oh, 'Strouser-buttons!
Haste unto me, O solferino mio!

The Bystander.
January 22, 1919.

[1] Short Poems under the same heading are: Thomas Gray, Algernon C. Swinburne, William Cowper, and Thomas Hood. H. S. S.

A FEW REMARKS ADDRESSED TO THE GHOST OF WALT WHITMAN

Out of the darkness and hush of the night, shaped of impalpable air,
My room, my lamp, and I myself are painted against the trees.
Opposite me is a vacant chair—but now no longer vacant,
A nonchalant ghost has seated himself and leans and loafs at his ease.
Soft felt hat and low-collared shirt, ostentatiously left unbuttoned—
A bird's nest shows through the crown and the shirt is patterned with leaves—
Greetings to you, Walt Whitman; greetings from me to you!
You the self-styled cosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son!
(But you know very well you were born on Long Island, lived in Brooklyn, and died in Camden, New Jersey.)

O Camerado!
When you wrote "Children of Adam," did you really think you were being splendidly primitive?
Did you not perceive how very funny you were?
For the life of me I can be no more shocked by you than by a dictionary of anatomical terms;
And as for your kind invitation to the ladies—where, I should like to know, are all the children
That you were so urgently concerned about creating to renew these States?
None of them appeared at your recent centenary.

O Camerado!
You aspired to be the tongue and words of the toiler,
And no one but the highbrow reads your poetry now,
When you ranted loudest of universal brotherhood, then you were most self-conscious and individualistic,
It was only when the great tide of war swept you away that you became one with your fellows;

Then you spoke as the plain people speak, with flowers of rhyme and of rhythm,
And the anguished heart of a nation cried out through your lips "O my Captain!"
Peevish you stir in the branches—or is it the wind flutters through you?
Begone then; I dismiss you by drawing down the shade.
Go to a red-shirted working men's meeting and see if they grant you admittance.
(But I know they will not recognize you, and you know it equally well.)

MARY.

New York Evening Sun.
June 21, 1919.

A SONG OF THE ROAD [1]

BY A TEMPORARY TRAMP. (AFTER WALT WHITMAN)

Monday.

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road
Happy, content, six miles before me,
The long straight road to the City, arriving whenever I choose.
Henceforth I keep to no time-table—I myself am my own time-table.
Henceforth I make no excuses—I am late, and there is an end of it.
Done with long explanations, reprimands, querulous criticisms,
Serene and content I travel the open road.
The road, that is sufficient,
I do not want the Underground any more;
I am willing to leave trains to those who like them.

Tuesday.

You road that I enter upon, I believe somehow you are longer than you were yesterday.
I believe that more miles have been added to you.
(Still, here I am trudging along with my Burberry over my shoulder,
I fear it is impossible for me to get rid of it,
I am filled with fear that it may rain before I return).

Wednesday.

You flagged walks of the suburbs! You vile kerbs at the edges!
You rows of villas! You milk-cans on the doorsteps!
You gates and railings! You enamelled plates conveying warnings to hawkers!
You mean shops boasting of "easy shaving" and "pinking done here"!
I believe you are in league against me and would quench my spirit.

[1] Referring to a strike of tramcar men. H. S. S.

From those who have passed your impassive surfaces you have received curses and would pass them on to me.

Thursday.

O highway I travel, do you say to me *Do not leave me?*
Do you say, *It's no good—if you leave me you will not fare better?*
Do you say *Walking is healthier than standing on someone's feet holding a strap?*
O public road, I answer back I am not afraid to leave you, however healthy you are.
I think that whatever sort of vehicle comes along, I shall take it.
If one comes along *now*, O road, shall I refuse it?—I don't think!

Friday.

From to-day I ordain myself loos'd of your trammelled ways, O road,
Going how I list, my own master total and absolute,
Waiting in queues if necessary, but patiently waiting,
Gently but firmly divesting myself of the temptation to tramp thee;
Trains and tunnels seem beautiful to me,
I shall repeat over many times to men and women the good thou hast done me.
(I shall doubtless have to listen all the way from Hammersmith to Victoria to the good thou hast done them.)

Saturday.

Listen! I will be honest with you.
To-day, Camerado, I am jolly well going to stay at home—so there!
For Saturday is a half-day in any case.
Besides, these last few days have considerably taxed my blood, thews, endurance.
"*Allons!*" I shall stay here sleeping and dallying in the house,

Leaving thee, O road, to the bat-eyed pedestrians who like thee. So, *that*, Camerado, is that!

W. H. B.

The Passing Show.
October 18, 1919.

SONG OF HIMSELF

Sempstresses getting on busses.
Each one is my sister.
I admire their backs and waists and their neat little ankles
Without ulterior motive. But with dreams of future motherhood.
In time they'll be mothers of men, and all men are my brothers.

I regard all wearers of skirts as my aunt or my sister.
My love flows out to them.
When I saw the waitresses at the club I felt shocked by an aspect of incongruity;
But then I embrace them all as part of the picture.
Especially the one with brown eyes who smiled so pleasantly when I ordered and drank more draught beer than is usual.

And these stay-at-home majors and colonels who pass me so proudly,
Each one is my brother.
I rejoice in the thought of their safety and rapid promotion.
I merely salute them in passing, but their place is my bosom.
I am ready to bleed for them all till they're all major-generals.

W. B. Maxwell.

A Man and His Lesson.
Hutchinson & Co., London.
1919.

I sing the conscience triumphant,
I celebrate the body invulnerable,
The firm tread, the square jaw, the unflinching eye, the resolute voice,
Mind equal with matter, I chant.
I see the Roman singer standing erect,
His figure rises
Masculine, haughty, naïf;
He confronts and answers me.
Me, spontaneous, imperturbe,
Loafing, swaggering, at ease with Nature,
Passive, receptive, gross, immoderate, fit,
Broad-shouldered and ripe, a good feeder, weight one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, warm-blooded, forty-two inches around the breast and back, voluptuous, combative, vulgar,
Bearded, continental, prophetic;
Understander of beasts and scholars, meeting children and Presidents on equal terms.
I hail him with the others.
He, walking about unarmed and care-free,
Pleased with all countries, climates, conditions,
Pleased with bleak Caucasus, sultry Syrtes, the woods of Daunia,
Pleased with all seasons, fortunes, women, the native as well as the foreign;
Fearing no thing, hating no thing,
Upright in life, of conduct clean;
A lover, caresser of life, prodigal, inclusive,
Him I hail without effuse or argument.
I accept him, do not scrape or salaam,
Knowing him to be made of the right stuff,
No perfumed dilettante, no dainty affetuoso,
But a man,

Upright, solemn, desperate, yearning, puzzled, turbulent, sound,
Loved by men, misunderstood by men,
Going on, fulfilling the hopes of a great rapport.
Libertad!—the divine average!—the rich mélange!—
On the wasted plain, the dark-lipped sea, the hottest noon, the bitterest twelfth-month
Solitary, singing, I strike up and declare for these.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Including Horace.
Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.
1919.

WALT ON MARKET STREET

I see the long defile of Market Street,
And the young libertad offering to shine my shoes.
(I do not have my shoes shined, for am I not as worthy without them shined? I put it to you, Camerado.)
And I see the maidens and young men flocking into the movies.
And I promulge this doctrine, that the Government might have imposed twice as heavy a tax on amusements, and still young men and maidens would throng to the movies
(O endless timidity of statesmen),
And I wonder whether I, too, will go in and give the eidolons the once over,
But putting my hand in my pocket I see that I have only thirteen cents
And it will cost me three cents to get back to Camden.
In a window I see a white-coated savan cooking griddle cakes,
And I think to myself, I am no better than he is,
And he is no better than I am,
And no one is any better than any one else.
(O the dignity of labor,
Particularly the dignity of labor that is done by other people;
Let other people do the work, is my manifesto,
Leave me to muse about it.)
Work is a wonderful thing, and a steady job is a wonderful thing,
And the pay envelope is a wonderful institution
And I love to meditate on all the work there is to be done,
And how other people are doing it.
Reader, whether in Kanada or Konshohocken,
I strike up for you,
This is my song for you, and a good song, I'll say so.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Travels in Philadelphia.
David McKay Company, Philadelphia.
1920.

CHANT PAGAN

I sing the summer resort.

I sing the hotel, yellow with white trimming, and gingerbread along the eaves.

I sing the corridor, half a mile long, bending at obtuse angles, with little steps going up and down at hundred-yard intervals.

I sing the children who indulge in track meets in said corridor at six o'clock in the morning, when I want to sleep.

I sing the American-plan dining-room, with its iron-clad rules as to mealtimes, and the waiter who shuts the door in your face.

I sing the European-plan dining-room, where one goes to get something to eat, all the time pleasantly conscious that one is paying for an unconsumed meal in the other.

I sing the summer resort dining-room smell, that is indescribable, but once inhaled is never forgotten.

I sing the lobby with the palms.

I sing the piazza with the rocking-chairs.

I sing the occupants of the rocking-chairs.

I sing the honeymooners who infest the coziest places.

I sing the shipping clerks who pretend that they are gentlemen of leisure, and the stenographers who pretend that they are heiresses, and the gentlemen of leisure and the heiresses who pretend that they are as useful as shipping clerks and stenographers.

I sing the muddy lake and the leaky canoes.

I sing the golf course whose longest hole is no longer than the shortest at Siwanoy.

I sing the orchestra and the Saturday night hop, and the fat girl whom one acquires in the Paul Jones.

I sing the insects that walk in darkness, and the prickly heat that wasteth at noonday.

I sing the riding horses, and the heaves, and the spavin.

I sing the path through the woods, and the snakes, and the view

from the knob, and the torn trousers and the scuffed shoes.

I sing the evenings.

I sing the trumped aces, and the revokes, and the addled score, and the king of clubs that turns out to be the king of spades.

I sing the bill.

I sing the train that takes one away from there forever and forever—until next year.

F. Gregory Hartswick.

Life.
Aug. 26, 1920.

OLD KING COLE

(*After* WALT WHITMAN)

Me clairvoyant,
Me conscious of you, old camerado,
Needing no telescope, lorgnette, field-glass, opera-glass, myopic pince-nez.
Me piercing two thousand years with eye naked and not ashamed;
The crown cannot hide you from me;
Musty old feudal-heraldic trappings cannot hide you from me,
I perceive that you drink
(I am drinking with you. I am as drunk as you are).
I see you are inhaling tobacco, puffing, smoking, spitting
(I do not object to your spitting).
You prophetic of American largeness,
You anticipating the broad masculine manners of These States;
I see in you also there are movements, tremors, tears, desire for the melodious,
I salute your three violinists, endlessly making vibrations,
Rigid, relentless, capable of going on forever;
They play my accompaniment; but I shall take no notice of any accompaniment;
I myself am a complete orchestra.
So long.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

New Witness.
December 10, 1920.

PROFITEERS! O PROFITEERS!

(In an article called "The Great Railway Ramp," signed S. O.)

Come! (as the poet inspiredly sang)—
Come, my Hard Faced children!
Swift! Spring to your places!
Swift! to the head of your army!
Profiteers, O profiteers!

The Nation and Athenæum.
February 19, 1921.

ST. SMITH OF UTAH

(A. D. 1844)

A song of the Far West,
A song of the Great Salt Lake, of Utah, Nauvoo, Jackson County, and the new Jerusalem.
Listen, individuals, communities, sects, nations;
I am (for this occasion only) a Transatlantic bard,
None of your smooth court-poets of worn-out Eurò*pi*an monarchies,
But a bird of the backwoods—a loud-throated warbler of the forest;
My inspiration is the breath of the boundless prairie; my mental food is the *roll* of the raging Atlantic.
Rhyme?—I scorn it. Metre?—Snakes and alligators! what is that to ME?
Libertad for ever! I intend to sing anyhow—and all-how, just as I tarnation please.
Universe, are you listening? Very well, then; here goes, right away.

S M I T H !!!!
Smith the Apostle!!!
Smith the Evangelist!!
Smith the Discoverer of the Book of Mormon!
His name was Joseph, and he was raised at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, U. S.
His parents were tillers of the soil—poor, but dishonest,
When they wanted money, they took it; horses, they boned them; sheep, they annexed them;
But saints may spring from sinners, as a butterfly springs from a maggot.

Angels! heavenly visions!!
In white robes, with crowns, harps, and everything according,
Bless'd the youthful Smith with their presence beatific.

He went into solitude, loafing in caves, backwoods, and lonely canyons.
Those angels meant business; thrice in one night they sought him.
They told him all his sins were liquidated,
Told him the history of the world (*not* according to Moses),
Told him the Red Injuns was one of the lost tribes of Israel;
Told him where to find the sacred book of the Prophet Mormon,
Told him to bring it out, and make a good "spec" of the business.

Leap, O my soul, every 22nd of September,
For on that date Smith found the sacred volume!
Eighteen-twenty-seven—a year to be remembered!!!
Sheets of tin, with characters antique engraven—
Such was the wondrous Book of Mormon.
From that prophet Smith profited, and became a prophet also.
Mahomet, Brahma, Buddha, Confucius—Smith surpassed them all.
Getting behind a screen, he dictated to Oliver Cowdrey
(Smith was not a *literatus*, and couldn't have jerk'd it grammatically).
In eighteen-thirty, hurrah! the glorious Book was publish'd.
But carping critics of orthodoxy murmured "fraud!" and "humbug!"
"Where's your authority? Show us the original!"
Smith disdained to do so; he and his friends had seen it,
But nobody else has seen it, nor will they see it forever.
Yet did Smith triumph, and gathered in converts like hay in the sunshine.
Virtue will ever prevail, as long as the world circumvolvulates on its axis.

Huzza for the New Jerusalem!
At Kirtland, Ohio, Smith with his Saints located,
Till, in March, '32, there came a band of Nonconformists,
Seized Joseph the Saint, and Rigdon his mate, and gave them tar and feathers!

O my soul, boil, boil like a potato with indignation!
From county to county, and state to state, for years the Mormons were driven,
Sometimes camping out 'neath the snow-cold stars of winter.
At last they found a resting place—Clay county, in Missouri.
Thither came Brigham Young—at that time Brigham Younger.
Smith sent him out to bring to grace those sceptical down-easters,
Whilst Orson Pratt and Heber C. Kimball were missionaries in Europe.

In this world banks will break, and promoters be call'd swindlers:
This was the luck of Smith and his saintly companions—
Lo! The bank of Kirtland busted, the Mormons were clapp'd in prison,
Not long afterwards they received this heavenly revelation—
"Missouri's too hot to hold you"—they "vamoused the ranche," according.

O, Nauvoo, city of Beauty!
Land of delight, fertility, promise, and blossoming realizations!
When I beheld thee my soul was enthrall'd, and danced a spirited *can-can.*
Thither came 15,000 saints, and squatted in glory,
And the desert blossom'd as the rose, beneath the smile of Smith.
He preach'd the gospel, and got up a government-house and militia,
Was mayor of the town, high priest, and commander-in-chief of the army;
O, *gloria!* triumph! bravo! hosannah! huzza! halleluiah!
(These are the words of a soul jumping out of its skin with felicity.)

Once more "revelation" came, and spake unto Smith the prophet.
"The relation between man and woman is not only social but spiritual.
The social is bounded by two, the spiritual knows of no limit;

Wherefore, O Smith, you may take what number of wives you think proper,
Sanctifying them by sacred mysterious sealings!"
(Reader, seekest thou further to know, then go and consult Hepworth Dixon.)
But the cold hard world disapproved of spiritual marriage;
War rose up against Smith, and again, with his mates, he was cast into prison,
"Revelation" helped them no more; no, nor did angels assist them;
But a gang of rowdies (A. D. 1844) broke into the prison,
Haul'd out Joseph Smith and his brother Hyram,
And with their too-true revolvers they sent them both to glory!

Sinners make martyrs, and martyrs make saints (this is logic).
Smith was a martyr, and mourned by the Mormons according,
Especially Brigham Young, who came in for his fortune and fixtures.
In 1850 they established the Salt Lake City,
And two years later another great "revelation" set up spiritual wifehood, the glorious cause that Smith died for.
Thus, like a beautiful tree, grew up the doctrine of spiritual marriage,
Monogamy, bigamy, trigamy, quadrigamy, quinquigamy, and lastly polygamy—
Till, if you ask me, "How many wives has Brigham?"
I shall answer, "Go, count the waves of the boundless Atlantic!"

They made Smith a saint—a boss saint—and was he not worthy?
Far more than the worn-out Saints of your rotten Eurò*pi*an Kingdoms!
Bully for Joseph! my eyes fill with tears; don't yours?
I admire Joe Smith—I *du*—I'll wrap up his memory in lavender,
And if you love me, reader (as I'm sure you cannot help it),
Go thou and do likewise.

Mourn for Smith; mourn, mourn, ye peoples!
O songsters, bards of all times, climes, regions, and generations,
O warblers, tenori, bassi, contralti, and mezzi-soprani,
O Christian men of every land and language,
O kings, priests, presidents, khans, kaisers, and subjects.
O infinitely diversified inhabitants of this revolving kosmos,
Sing, and sing, and sing, and keep on singing his honour and glory,
Echo and re-echo for ever the name of Joe Smith, boss Saint of the Mormons!

WALTER PARKE.

Lays of the Saintly.
Vizetelly & Co., London.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

I dump my soul and seek repose;
I lay off in the shadow of the summer leaves and smoke spanish;
I dump my soul and lay off—you'd better believe it
I am the poet of fillibusters, the poet of Kinney [1]
But I do not refuse to be the poet of Walker also.
Yes, I am the poet of Kinney and of Walker, you may bet your life on it.
I could go to Nicaragua and loll in my hammock,
I could go to a fandango and dance with negro beauties until I perspired very much,
Yes, sir-ee, I could indeed, and double!
I could eat tortillas and mark the dark-eyed quadroons making frijoles the greater part of the afternoon,
Well I could,
I could fillibust the government, and make myself president,
And form a cabinet,
And do several things of that sort:—
I could do nothing shorter! [2]
I could also colonize and do some agriculture,
And fix the flints [3] of the natives,
And help my countrymen to go in for their chances,
And make the King of the Mosquitos clean my boots,

[1] Kinney and Walker were two leaders of the "fillibusters" who went "piratifying to extend the area of freedom" in Central America in 1855–1860. Walker was shot, as he richly deserved, by the Honduras folks in 1860. He lived in San Francisco, 1850–1855, and the southerners there (they are quite numerous and are called "chivs," from chivalry), are still noticeably inclined to think his views were not far wrong.

[2] Nothing shorter. A circumlocutive intended to strengthen an assertion by means of affirming something through the exclusion of everything else. A similar form of speech is, when asked if you will do something, to say, "I won't do anything else."

[3] To fix one's flint, i. e., to do for him; to settle his hash; to cook his goose; to wind up his worsted.

And make him dance a reel for my enjoyment;
And I could come all sorts of gum games [4]
Now Mind I tell you.

[4] A swindle, fraudulent transaction.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Thou, four-sided monument—white, hard, cold, shiny, grand—
Reaching five hundred and fifty-five feet high more or less.
Cheops outdone—Cleopatra's worm-eaten obelisk shrunken up—
Cathedrals, churches, sphinxes, court houses, pyramids, hotels and liberty poles
All looked down upon. Radiant ruins, where art thou?
From thy serene height I gaze on a struggling world—
Into the back yard of the White House and some distance into the State of Ohio;
To Nebraska, Northern Michigan, East Tennessee, Nevada and the chill Himalayas,
From India's burning sands to Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Kankakee and Pokomoke.
All hands around—George Washington, old boy, you're the boss, and so's your monument.

(Not by WALT WHITMAN).

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